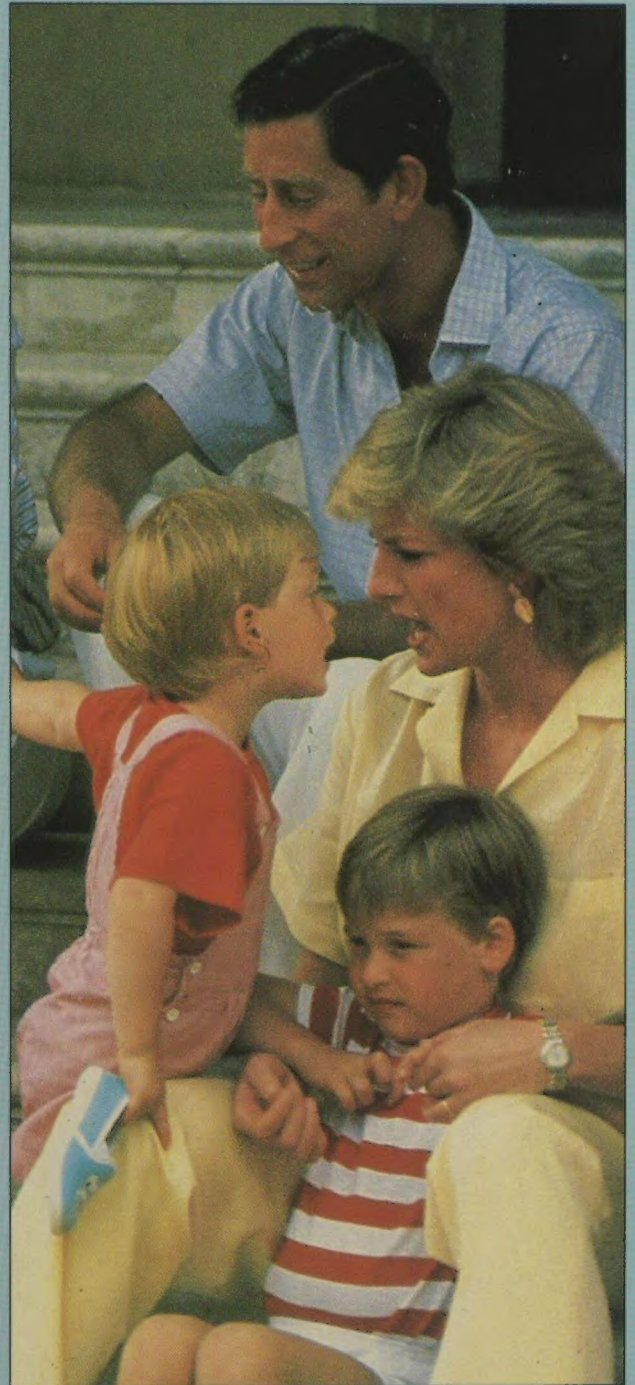


ROYAL YEAR 1988



SCHOOLING THE ROYAL CHILDREN

PRINCE IN A GLORIOUS RECEPTION LIA ★ DANCING
DUOS: HOW GOOD IS THE MONARCHY
ONLY



"I THOUGHT YOU SAID REGENT STREET",
RODDY PROTESTED AS I LED HIM INTO
SOUTH AUDLEY STREET. "THE SCENIC ROUTE", I MURMURED.
"ARE WE GOING INTO THE GROSVENOR CHAPEL, PRAY?" HE QUERIED.
WE CUT THROUGH THE SIDE OF IT,
INTO THE LITTLE PARK WHICH ALSO HOUSES
FARM STREET CHURCH.



RODDY REGALED ME
WITH TALES OF THE
GLORIOUS 12TH, AND ALL
THE GAME BIRDS HE'D
ENCOUNTERED. THE POSH POULTERERS
SPARKED IT OFF.



THAT DAY, THERE WERE NO
NIGHTINGALES SINGING
IN BERKELEY SQUARE,
BUT PLENTY OF
ROLLERS, AND THE SPIRIT
OF ECSTASY WAS IN THE
AIR AS WE CROSSED
BOND STREET.
I GAZED INTO THE
WINDOW OF
THE CORK
STREET
GALLERY,
ALL TOO MODERN
FOR RODNEY, WHO
FANCIES HIMSELF AS A
PRIMITIVE.



AND THEN WE WERE OPPOSITE GARRARD.
"GARRARD! I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED",
RODDY SAID WITH A WRY GRIN. "THERE'S
A MARIE ANTOINETTE DINNER SERVICE
I'VE LOST MY HEAD OVER", I REPLIED.



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ROYAL YEAR 1988

*The royal family on and off duty
at home and abroad in the 12 months
to June 1988*



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C O N T E N T S



WORLD WIDE SMILES There have been more than 30 trips abroad this year. Alan Hamilton explores the trials of such journeys, while Joanna Willcox looks at the royal links with Australia

DOWN TO BUSINESS Supposing the monarchy were to be privatised . . . Michael Leapman enjoys a flight of fancy

CHILD'S PLAY Clare Colvin looks at how the youngest generation of royals is shaping up

COURT IN THE ACT OF KISSING Hugs, pecks and embraces in pictures

WORKING WONDERS How should the royals occupy their time? Stephen Pile gives some advice

FORMAL FAVOURITES Portraits of the family

PRINCE IN A GLASSHOUSE In recent years Prince Charles has become increasingly outspoken on public issues, in particular on community architecture. Gavin Stamp assesses his position

COMMANDING PERFORMANCES Watching Princesses take to the floor is not so much a fairytale fantasy as a national pastime. But just how good is their footwork? Lora Savino finds out

BERGIE'S HEAD START Inventive hair dressing is just one of the Duchess of York's strong points. We show you a selection of the styles that wowed the States last February

ROBIN JANVRIN Press secretary to the Queen, Marcel Berlins looks at the man and the job

THE ROYAL QUIZ Win a commemorative magnum of Bristol Cream Sherry

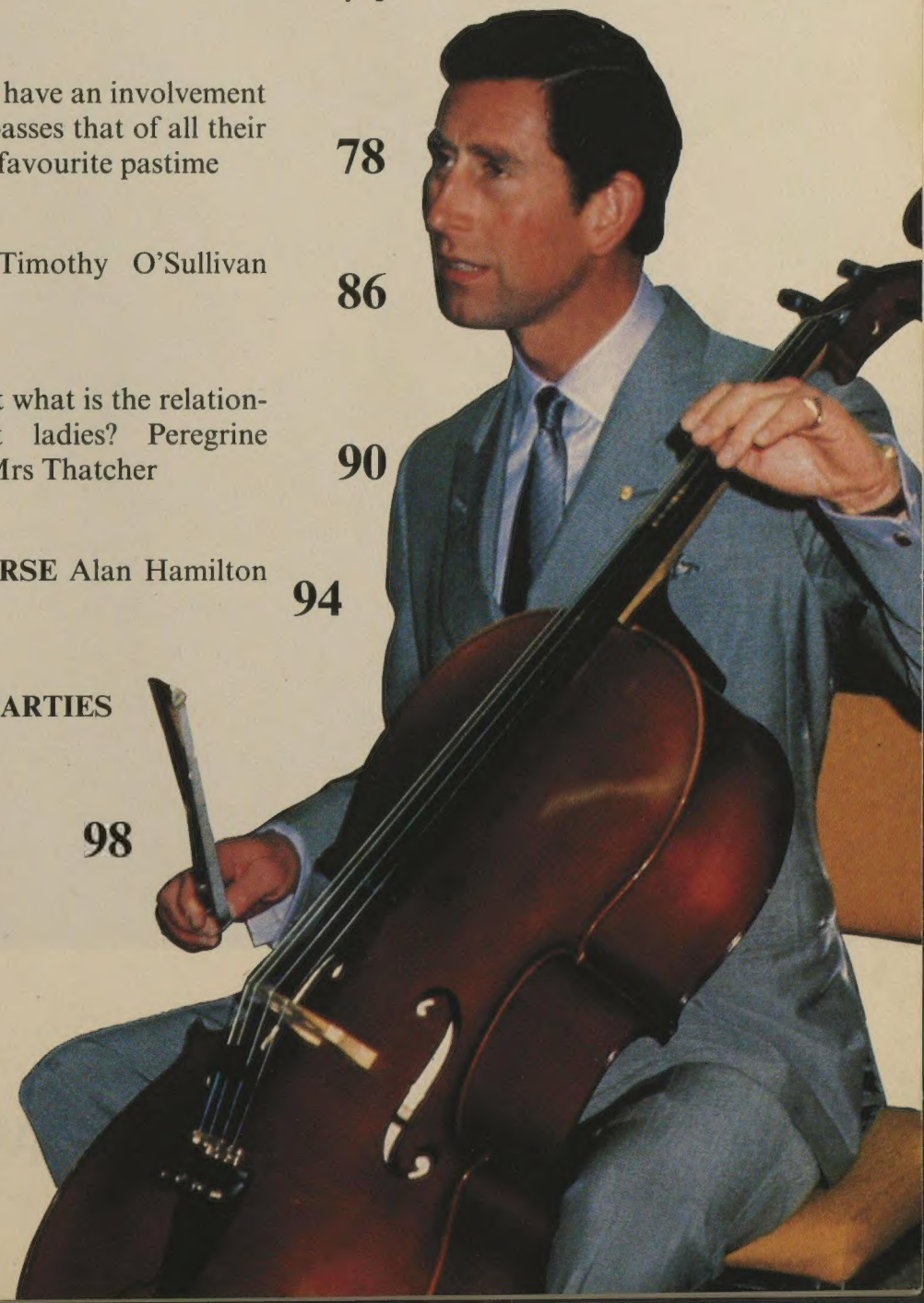
HOBBY HORSES The royal women have an involvement and enthusiasm for racing which surpasses that of all their predecessors. John Oaksey looks at a favourite pastime

HOME FOR THE YORKS Timothy O'Sullivan assesses Sunninghill Park

FAMILIARITY & CONTEMPT Just what is the relationship between Britain's two first ladies? Peregrine Vorsthorpe looks at the Queen and Mrs Thatcher

PRIVATE INCOME—PUBLIC PURSE Alan Hamilton unravels the royal money web

GALAS, COUNCILS & GARDEN PARTIES How many banquets does the Queen attend in a year? How many days are spent travelling? Tim O'Donovan presents the figures



Cover photography courtesy of Beirne and Newpix International. This spread, Olivier/Select, Glenn Harvey, Anwar Hussein, Nunn.

Clockwise from top: Trooping the colour, Prince William, Prince Charles plays cello in Australia, The Duchess of York at Niagara Falls. Cover: The Queen in Australia, The Waleses in Spain, The Duchess of York in Canada

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WORLDWIDE SMILES

There have been more than 30 royal tours abroad in the past year. We show you highlights from eight of these trips, while ALAN HAMILTON explains why it is not an endless round of sunshine and laughter

High above the orange-tiled roofs of the city of Lisbon, with the damp insistent wind tugging at his hair, the Prince of Wales resembled the brooding Hamlet on the battlements of Elsinore as he gazed dutifully but glumly down on the Portuguese capital beneath, which, devoid of sun, was drained of its customary life and sparkle.

The Mayor droned his mechanical commentary, which had to be filtered through an interpreter, while the dark racing clouds threatened yet another raw squall of stinging Atlantic rain. Diana clutched her head in a hopeless effort to ward off the demolition of her immaculate coiffure, while Charles turned to the reporters standing nearby and muttered: "Can anybody tell me what I'm supposed to be doing here? In Lisbon? In February?"

What Charles was supposed to be doing there was cementing relations between Britain and her oldest ally, a four-day trip in the depths of winter to mark the 600th anniversary of the King of Portugal's marriage to a northern lass, Philippa of Lancaster, which initiated the world's most enduring international alliance. Britain's second most influential foreign ambassador was about to fall prey to one of the major hazards of international royal touring, which far exceeds the dangers of exotic tropical diseases or funny foreign food. He was bored.

He was, of course, far too polite to let it show in front of his hosts; diplomacy and the art of unflagging interest have been instilled in him from birth. But royal tours are far from being an endless round of sunshine and thrills, and the programmes which host countries devise for their royal visitors can occasionally display a

REX FEATURES

The Queen Mother in Canada, June, 1987



The Duke and Duchess of York in Canada, July 15-August 9, 1987. From left, top to bottom: The Duchess of York in Winnipeg; an Indian chief presented the royal couple with a stuffed buffalo head at Head-Smashed-in-Buffalo-Jump, an ancient killing ground in Alberta; in period dress at Fort Edmonton; traditional rowing at Thunder Bay, Ontario; in oilskins at Niagara Falls; and the opening of Mississauga Civic Centre.

ROYAL
TOURS
CANADA

numbing lack of imagination. Charles's visit to Portugal included only two engagements of any importance: a memorial service in Oporto Cathedral and a morale-boosting visit to a British trade fair. Both were in the same city, and could have been accomplished in a day. But if you invite royalty, you want your money's worth; the trip was stretched like a piece of frayed elastic over four days, and Charles's time was padded out with visits to the tomb of the explorer Vasco da Gama, a restored cod-fishing boat, a new office of Lloyds Bank, a school, a centre for young victims of cerebral palsy, the local office of the British Council, several palaces, and the exquisite little hill town of Sintra, which Byron thought the most romantic place in all Europe and which was obscured by mist and drizzle for the whole hour of Charles's presence.

He saw almost nothing of the real Portugal, as he tastes almost nothing of the real flavour of any other country he visits officially. But there is probably no man alive who has been trailed through more worthy museums.

During their tour of West Germany at the end of 1987, Charles and Diana seemed locked into an endless round of Golden Book ceremonies, signing the distinguished visitors' book and making uphill conversation with the burgo-master of every town they passed through, a process enlivened only when they arrived in Munich and Diana, offered a glass of that city's renowned beer, got the froth all over the end of her nose.

There are certain immovable feasts which can be guaranteed to appear on any royal itinerary. Apart from the obligatory museum, there will always be a visit to the local office of the British Council, the quasi-official body charged with spreading the gospel of English language and culture, and the visiting royal will always be told that the British Government is acting with criminal irresponsibility in cutting the funds for the Council's work.

There is always an underlying and essentially impertinent presumption that Diana is incapable of understanding the serious world, and invariably there will be a school for her to visit. There will always be a fashion show—sometimes a trade show of British design and sometimes a display of local efforts—to which both are invited and at which Diana becomes animated while Charles has a tendency to nod off. And there will always be a reception at the British Embassy for leading members of the expatriate community, for which the Embassy staff will have spent months of excruciating effort compiling the guest list.

Charles can veto any programme he is asked to undertake, but on the whole he goes along with what is proposed. What he does like included is a visit to a British trade fair, which makes him feel that he is doing

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16 ►



TIM GRAHAM



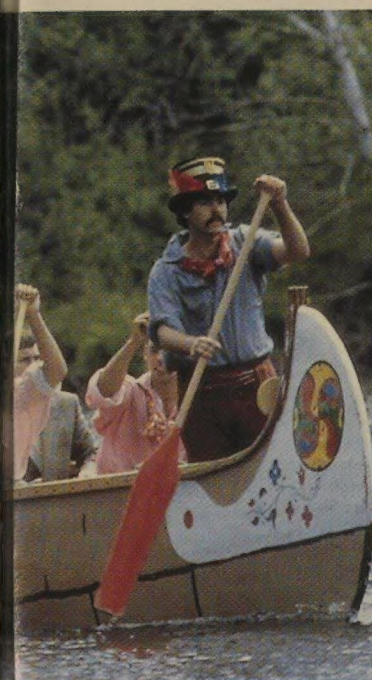
TIM GRAHAM



LIONEL CHERRUAULT



NEWSPIX INTERNATIONAL



NEWSPIX INTERNATIONAL



TIM GRAHAM



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in Canada, October 9-24, 1987. The tour covered Vancouver in British Columbia, and the provinces of Saskatchewan and Quebec. Above: Prince Philip reviews ex-servicemen outside Quebec City Hall. Right: Mounties escort the royal couple through the town.



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GROSVENOR HOUSE



The Prince and Princess of Wales in West Germany, November 1-7, 1987. The cities they visited included West Berlin, Bonn, Cologne, Munich and Hamburg. Left: The Princess of Wales is greeted by families of British servicemen in Celle in northern Germany. Below, left: A frothy moment sipping beer in Munich. Below right: Reception in Berlin at the start of the tour.

GLENN HARVEY

ROYAL
GERMANY
TOURS



NUNN



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
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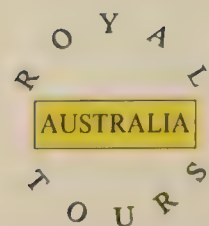
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◀ CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

something tangible and useful in using his media stardom to draw attention to British exports. Unfortunately the British are notoriously bad at co-ordinating their export efforts, and foreigners are constantly surprised to learn that if a British trade promotion is in town, it is as a result of individual enterprise and the efforts of private exhibition contractors.

Royalty on tour abroad will also spend every evening at a banquet, or at the very least a rather grand private dinner. Long experience has taught them to be wary of foreign food; rather than gulp it, they will toy with it, push it around their plates, and perhaps take a few mouthfuls; keeping it at a safe distance is easier when you are in constant and earnest conversation with the host at your elbow.

During their tour of Saudi Arabia, Charles and Diana attended a magnificent desert picnic at which a whole sheep had been roasted for them, and another for attendant press. The royal party were given forks and knives, and the animal was carved for them and served on plates. Journalists and photographers in the next tent were left to tear at their animal with their bare hands, which was considerably more in keeping with the traditions of both the Bedouin tribesmen and the Press.

But the highest award for bravery in the face of funny foreign food must go to the Queen during her state visit to China. In the Great Hall of the People in Beijing, she was served with a starter of sea slug, an object resembling a cross between an outsize garden snail and a jellied mushroom. The Queen did not bat an eyelid, but picked up her chopsticks with an expertise that impressed all watching, and despatched the sea slug in a single swallow.

Nor did she flinch as the tour progressed when faced with such dishes as fairy hares under the moonlight, swallows flitting in a bamboo grove, twin dragons playing with a giant pearl, and a Cantonese fish speciality, many-hued grouper. It must have been with some relief, however, that she retired to the royal yacht *Britannia* at nights for a cup of real English tea made with real English water.

Keeping the royal strength up when only picking at the local food can be a problem, magnified by a tight schedule and extreme heat. During a visit to Toledo, Spain, last year, Diana's energy ran out halfway round a tour of the cathedral when she splayed herself over the back of a pew and whispered that she could not go on. She just managed to keep going to the next stop, the adjacent museum, where she detached herself from the curator who was droning on at Charles and leant heavily against a display case of priceless Moorish artifacts.

She was whisked away by her lady-in-waiting and disappeared into a side room for half an hour, putting the split-second schedule well out of joint. "Just a little tiredness from the heat," her staff explained breezily. Just one museum



The Prince and Princess of Wales in Australia, January 25-February 3, 1988. Below: The Australia Day ceremony outside the Opera House. Right: The Princess of Wales presents a trophy to the winners at the Bicentennial Surf Carnival at Terrigal Beach, Sydney.



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too many, the attendant Press suspected.

Sometimes the trials of foreign travel can be self-inflicted. Charles need not play polo in the desert in temperatures approaching the high 90s, as he did in Oman. The Duke and Duchess of York had no need to take a canoeing holiday in the outer remoteness of the North-West Territories of Canada, where there are no people but several million cannibalistic mosquitoes. But even the line of duty can be a fine one between propriety and gaffe.

At that same polo match in Oman, Charles gave Diana a chaste kiss as she presented him with his trophy. It being a country of rigid Islamic morality, the hosts were somewhat embarrassed, and the moment was pointedly missing from that evening's local television coverage of the event.

If royalty have to watch their lips, they equally have to watch their tongues. So practised are they at diplomacy that they rarely upset their hosts—except when Prince Philip lets slip an explosive little quip about slitty-eyed Chinese—but they can quite easily upset excitable MPs back home, who will latch on to any minor indiscretion in the hope of getting their names in the papers.

Visiting West Germany in November 1987, Charles delivered an address to trainee officers at the German Army University in Munich which pleased the Germans, but not some British MPs. "In Britain," Charles began, "Germany is well-known, among other things (like football and fast cars) for the excellence of its military officers down through history." The howls of protest carried all the way from Westminster to Bavaria. How offensive, cried the MPs, to thousands of Second World War veterans who fought and died against those excellent officers.

Charles then ploughed on into the politics of West European defence. "I think people in positions of authority, in European governments, in the armed forces and in public life generally, have a constant responsibility to ensure that nothing obscures the fundamental nature of the American defence guarantee for Western Europe." Hold on there, isn't that a bit of a party political statement?

The MPs, mainly from the Labour Opposition which is not so convinced of the need for Americans in Europe, howled again that the heir to the throne was allying himself openly with Mrs Thatcher's pro-American and pro-nuclear defence policies. Even the Germans sat up and took notice of that one; quite a few of them don't want the Americans either.

How much simpler to be the Princess Royal, touring some of the foulest and most unhappy corners of the earth in support of her Save the Children Fund, eating some extremely funny foreign food, labouring through heat, dirt, deprivation, disease, starvation and the sad detritus of obscure wars. Strange how she never seems to complain of being bored...



NEWSPIX INTERNATIONAL

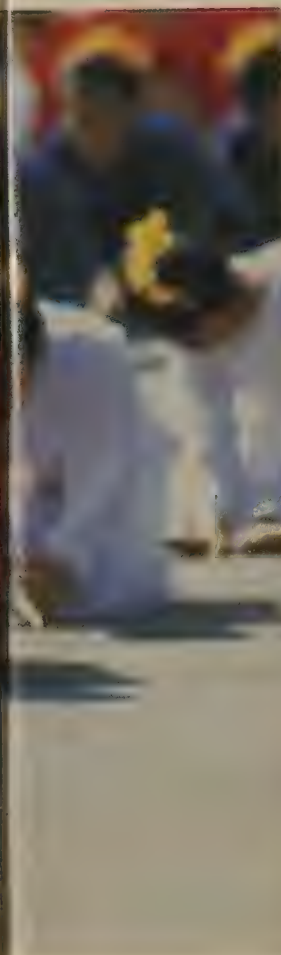


NEWSPIX INTERNATIONAL

The Prince and Princess of Wales in Thailand, February 3-5, 1988 on their way home from Australia. Left: Arriving in Bangkok. Below: Dancing display at Chiang Mai airport. Centre: Visit to an umbrella factory near Chiang Mai. Right: Tour of the Grand Palace, Bangkok.



NUNN



ANWAR HUSSEIN



The Duke and Duchess of York in Southern California, February 26-March 6, 1988. They were based in Los Angeles, where they attended the inevitable glittering gala dinner with Hollywood stars. Right: The Duke shields his wife from the rain as they watch dancing displays in LA's Chinatown. Below: The Duchess waves her husband off the USS *Nimitz* with a baseball cap given during the tour of the aircraft carrier. Bottom: British-born David Hockney shows them round an exhibition of his work at the Los Angeles County Museum of Art.

ROYAL
AMERICA
TOURS

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ANWAR HUSSEIN



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Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret with their parents in 1936,
by Marcus Adams.

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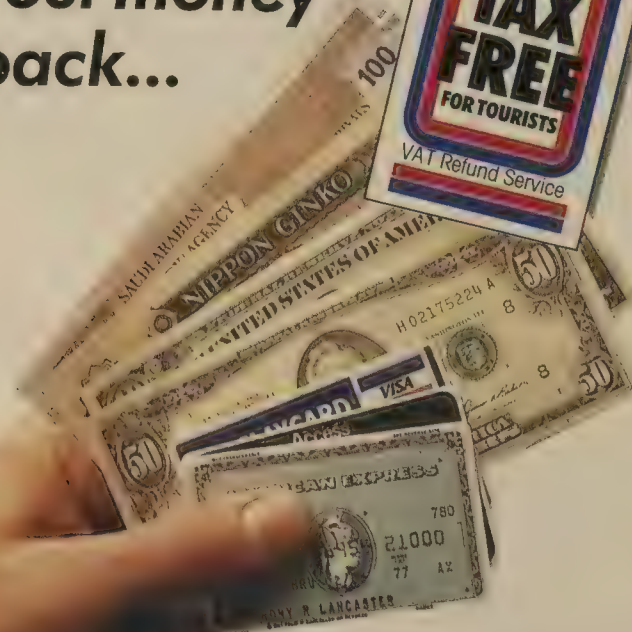
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R O Y A L
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T O U R S

The bond with
Australia is
strong, says
JOANNA
WILLCOX

By the end of 1988, Australia's bicentennial year, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and all their children will have visited the country. They are visits that go beyond the call of duty—they show the priority the royal family gives to a Commonwealth country for which it has a sincere affection.

The Queen forged this special relationship at the very beginning of her reign in 1954, during her Commonwealth tour. She was the first reigning monarch ever to set foot in Australia, and the country took her to their hearts. She has returned with the Duke of Edinburgh on 10 more occasions. During the 1970s she ran headlong into republicanism, most marked during her Silver Jubilee tour in 1977, two years after the sacking of Labour prime minister Gough Whitlam by Sir John Kerr, the Queen's representative as head of state in Australia. Yet the Queen's popularity was not seriously dented and even Bob Hawke, who as Labour op-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY REX FEATURES

position leader at the time of her visit, had maintained that "by the end of the century the monarchy will have been phased out" has, as Prime Minister, changed his tune.

He concedes that if Australia becomes a republic, "which is something I'm not pushing", it will always be part of the Commonwealth. He has praised the Queen for her "absolutely remarkable capacity and composure, commitment and dedication, relieved by what I find is a magnificent sense of humour", in her role as head of the Commonwealth.

On March 3, 1986, in her speech at Parliament House in Canberra, the Queen recognised Australia's legal independence from Britain with the passing of the Australia Act. "Anachronistic constitutional arrangements have disappeared—but the friendship between two nations has been strengthened and will endure." The Australians have little appetite for any constitutional changes which would reduce

the Queen's powers and the referendum in July in which they vote on the future constitution will not include any such proposals.

The highlight of the Queen's three-week tour this year, apart from the opening of World Expo 88 in Brisbane, was the opening of the new Parliament House in Canberra. Outside, Aborigines demonstrated against injustices to them and booed at the Queen. It was not a personal insult—more a cry of frustration.

The Prince of Wales has never disguised his admiration for the country. In 1966, aged 17, he spent six months at Geelong Grammar School in Melbourne as an exchange student; he stayed at a camp at Timbertop, an outpost of the school, where the boys had to fend for themselves in tough conditions. He said soon afterwards that it was "the most wonderful experience I've ever had" and later, in 1974: "Those months opened my eyes. You are judged there on how people see you and feel

about you. There are no assumptions there."

The presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales—guests of honour from the "mother country"—on the day Australia was celebrating its independence as a nation might have been questionable, but the Prince of Wales's heartfelt speech at the ceremony on January 26 outside the Sydney Opera House forestalled any doubts. He again recalled his days at Timbertop, when "the Pommie bits were bashed off me", and modestly thanked Australia for inviting him and his wife to the party. He praised the people who shaped the country "by the force of their personalities and by their infectious good humour" into a "democracy which has become a model for the world".

Even the most hardened republican could not ignore the compliment the royal family has paid to Australia by the tradition set by the Queen, whose first world tour was there, and the Queen Mother who, as Duchess of York,

ROYAL AUSTRALIA TOURS


left behind her eight-month-old daughter for her first official tour with her husband, the future King, in 1927 when again, Australia and New Zealand were the main destinations. And the Princess of Wales's first overseas tour with her husband, in 1983, was to Australia. She, however, took her baby, Prince William, with her; he stayed in New South Wales where the royal couple returned frequently during their four-week tour.

It was a gruelling schedule covering 45,000 miles, but the Princess's natural charm and brand-new wardrobe caused a sensation. Though she had been to Australia on a private visit to her mother's holiday home in Yass, New South Wales, before the announcement of her engagement, nothing could have prepared her for the attention she attracted, which set the pattern for all her future tours.

The royal couple returned to Australia in 1985, and in January for Australia Day, when they watched the First Fleet re-enactment end the voyage to which the Queen had given her blessing in Portsmouth the previous May. They were visibly relaxed, and the Princess of Wales was enjoying herself so much that she asked to remain with her husband in the afternoon to watch the sail-past of the Tall Ships in Sydney harbour, rather than return to Government House for a rest—to the disappointment of the crowds waiting to see her arrive there. Inevitable banner headlines such as "Dicentennial" and "Crocodi Dundee" showed that Press interest in the Princess was undiminished.

The Duke and Duchess of York will visit Australia this autumn with their new baby. The Duke of York will be the reviewing officer of the bicentennial naval salute in Sydney harbour on October 1. Their natural exuberance will be more than a match for the Australian temperament.

The Duchess of York will no doubt see her sister Jane, who married Australian Alex Makim 10 years ago. They met when he was looking after the polo ponies of the girls' father, Major Ronald Ferguson, at the family home at Dummer in Hampshire. Jane's life could not be more different from her sister's. She lives with her husband and their two young children at his remote family property Wilga-Warrina, a sheep and cattle station in northern New South Wales which he runs with his father and brother. As it will be the height of the polo season in Australia, the Fergusons will probably be reunited on a polo field—like Major Ferguson, the Makims keep polo ponies, and Jane's husband plays in his local team at North Star.

The royal family always responds spontaneously to the infectious informality of the Australian people. Three royal tours to the same country in one year (not to mention the Princess Royal's brief visit to New South Wales to open the Bicentennial Royal Easter Show in March, or Prince Edward's visit during his parents' tour) indicate that the bond with Australia remains a strong one 

April 18-May 11, 1988. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh's tour of Australia covered 16 cities. Previous page: Crowds greet the Queen in Western Australia.

Far right: The Queen on arrival at Perth airport. Right: Prince Philip inspects crayfish at the Aquaculture Centre in Launceston, Tasmania. Below: Sheepshearing demonstration in Geelong.







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It also applies if your Volkswagen should ever break down. Though that, admittedly, is a pretty big 'if'.

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Down to Business



The royal family is one of Britain's most important nationalised industries, a monopoly provider of a service greatly valued by consumers and financed through the public purse. As chairman and chief executive of House of Windsor plc, it would be appropriate for the Queen to make an annual report to shareholders. The closest she gets is in her Christmas broadcast, but that generally concentrates on a single aspect of the business, a different one each year. If she were to produce a comprehensive company report at an annual general meeting, this is what her 1987-88 presentation might contain:

"We have enjoyed another eventful and broadly successful year. Yet while the core business remained sound, some of the subsidiaries were beset by more than their usual share of controversy—although I concede that in recent years it has become ever harder to determine precisely what a reasonable measure of controversy should be. It has been said that for an enterprise wishing to maintain interest in its products and services, there is no such thing as bad publicity. Whoever coined that maxim cannot have been familiar with the activities of the 'rat pack', the collection of unusually rebarbative journalists who take it upon themselves to report and comment on the firm's activities, actual or (often) invented.

It was therefore good to see them floundering over the coverage of the company's most positive news this year, the impending expansion of one of our youngest and most active subsidiaries, York Promotions. The rats were kept guessing on this question for weeks by our long-established policy of blankly denying everything, at which our public relations office has few equals. I am glad to report that the projected expansion is on course and your directors are confident that the new addition to our corporate family, due in the summer, will prove highly popular among our customers if properly marketed. The advertising department is already at work preparing a list of possible names for the newcomer.

Indeed, the high level of overall activity by the York subsidiary during the year has been its most gratifying aspect. Following a well-publicised merger in the previous year, and the subsequent brief 'honeymoon period', it often takes time for a new division to get into its stride. Public interest, ever fickle, can quickly wane. That decidedly did not occur. The Yorks kept a high profile—their aeronautical activities were greatly appreciated.

Their visit to California in March was in some respects a form of in-service training, for nowhere are the arts of self-promotion better developed than in Hollywood. The Duchess showed that her style is still in need of refinement, notably when she engaged in some raucously suggestive badinage with a heckler, but these are still early days for her and I am confident that, with the increased maturity and the responsibility of nursing the new acquisition through its early years, her rough edges will wear smooth.

I am less confident about our most troublesome of subsidiaries, Edward Enterprises. After abandoning its military interests in a surprise move in the previous year, this division has concentrated on our prime function, show business, with mixed results. Its first venture into TV production, *It's a Royal Knockout*, was a popular if not a critical success, but the director, through inexperience, allowed himself to be manoeuvred into a needless showdown with the rat pack immediately afterwards, which diverted attention from the artistic merits of the programme. An interest in this division has now been acquired by Mr Lloyd Webber, who sets the poems of T. S. Eliot to music; but Edward will maintain close links with your company, and your board will continue to monitor his progress watchfully.

Another division has also undergone an important change, this time a change of name. I had always thought Mrs Phillips far too mundane as a trading name for one of our most consistently profitable subsidiaries and have now won the board's agreement to rename it Princess Royal, which conveys not only class but also a touch of mystery. There has been a gradual shift in the emphasis of this division's activities, away from the equestrian towards good works, especially among children. I welcome this. Despite the director's victories on the racecourse and over the jumps there was still the inevitable indignities of falling off. Our presence in the sport of kings is, however, well maintained by our oldest subsidiary of all, still greeted with genuine affection in all weathers in paddocks up and down the country.

In the course of her work with children, the Princess Royal director has made several trips abroad which have proved popular on television. While these forays meet with almost universal approval, I was a little concerned about a speech she made on the AIDS question,

in which she attempted to differentiate between innocent and guilty victims of the scourge. The incident proved once again that, where controversial public issues are involved, discretion is much the better part of valour, and I hope the other directors will take that on board.

Which brings me naturally to the Wales division. This has had an unsettled year, although it is still the most popular in terms of calls on its services. Indeed, that has been part of the trouble. In order to meet more than a fraction of the demands made on them, the Waleses for a time switched to a two-centre operation, with the principals based in different parts of the country. This led to rumours of a fierce boardroom row and some of the more vicious rats even began to hint at the possibility of a demerger. Such talk was laid to rest, however, when both directors went on a promotional visit to Australia, where the Princess, for the first time in public, revealed her prodigious musical talent.

The Prince's ventures into architectural criticism were sustained this year but it is questionable whether this particular line has a long-term future. By its nature, this kind of activity appeals to minority tastes and not to the mass market, but its more serious drawback is that it is not susceptible to development. Once the point about modern architectural standards has been made there is a limit to the number of times it can be repeated. And although his remarks are widely and sympathetically reported, they have had no discernible effect on the course of British architecture. This year's crop of new buildings look very like last year's.

I appreciate this subsidiary's difficulty in identifying a useful and fulfilling role, standing as it does so much in the shadow of the main company—in other words, me. When I step down as chairman, of course, the Prince will inherit my office. He is greatly looking forward to this but I have no immediate plans to make way for him.

Certainly, for the Prince's own sake, it would be unfair of me to leave the helm while our chief rival in the domestic market, Downing Street Productions, remains in the hands of its present formidable chairman and board. I have made no secret of the fact that our professional rivalry with Downing Street is paralleled by personal antipathy between me and their chairman, but I recognise her technical skills and she has only recently received an overwhelming vote of

confidence from her shareholders. I fear that if I were now to step down she would too easily be able to manipulate my inexperienced successor.

Thankfully, I am seldom required to mount joint productions with Downing Street, except at the opening of Parliament every year, and every two years or so at the meeting of Commonwealth Chief Executives. Last year's was less disagreeable than most because it took place in Canada, one of my favourite countries, and because disagreements over South Africa were more muted than in the past.

One long-term possibility that causes your directors concern is the threat of privatisation. As a large nationalised company in the entertainment and leisure sector, we seem uniquely vulnerable to such a move. While Downing Street assure me that there is no present intention to legislate along those lines, there can be little doubt that any share issue would be heavily over-subscribed. If we were forced to charge a commercial rate for our appearances I am confident that demand would remain high, but my worry is that it would remove the mystique from the monarchy. And I wish to place on record here and now that in the event of any government initiative in this direction, my charges for the State Opening of Parliament would be calculated at the highest possible rate.

Even if Downing Street decided not to go the whole hog, it is easy to see how tempting it would be to hive off part of our operations to the private sector. Package holidays involving the royal yacht and the Queen's Flight would surely be even more attractive than those currently on offer by Concorde and the QE2. And the royal train could be a potent rival to the Orient-Express. It would be hard to quarrel with an argument based on the undoubted fact that these assets are nowhere near sufficiently employed to be cost-effective.

As I say, these threats are some way beyond the horizon. But it is as well for each and every one of us to be aware that they exist. The best way to combat them is for all of us to work on our performances and make sure that our customers are getting a reliable service representing the ultimate in value for money: more photo-opportunities, then; more *tasteful* badinage with onlookers; and, yes, keep those babies coming.

I move the adoption of the report." —MICHAEL LEAPMAN



A new generation of royal children is growing up. The focus is on Prince William, the future heir to the throne, and his brother Harry, pictured left with the Queen, but how are their cousins faring? CLARE COLVIN finds out what kind of lives the young royals are leading

C hild's play

The new brood of royal children is likely to lead sharply divergent lives as they grow older. The children of the royal cousins, the Gloucesters and the Kents, will, for the first time in British royal history, have a chance to opt for anonymity. But for the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales there will be an ever increasing glare of publicity. The Royal Watchers have created a lucrative industry, and look forward to the younger generation feeding them with more cause for gossip in the years ahead.

The focus is firmly on Prince William, as the future heir to the throne, and already providing tales of nursery tantrums. The stories that appear in the popular press build up the image of a royal little monster. Could he really have screamed at a nanny who made him clear up the food he had hurled about the room at a birthday party, "When I'm King, I'm going to send my knights round to kill you!" Did he really tell some soldiers at Balmoral, as they alleged in "a dossier of complaints smuggled to *The Sun*", "Come on soldier boys, you're useless. When I'm King, I will throw you out of your job!" The quotes have the smell of a "You caught me bang to rights" police verbal about them, but there is undoubtedly a sulky Hanoverian-jowled look that lends credence to the general impression that young Prince William can be a bit of a brat.

The little royals are very much their parents' children and the lives their elders lead is reflected in their characters. How can a child remain undisturbed when any public appearance attracts hordes of photographers? The temptation to play it as a stage drama must be overwhelming.

The hothouse atmosphere that surrounds the sons of the heir to the throne is dispersed in the country air for the children of the Princess Royal and her husband, Captain Mark Phillips. Princess Anne struck a blow for ordinariness when she decided, much against the wishes of the Queen, not to burden her children with titles. They are plain Master Peter and Miss Zara Phillips. Life at Gatcombe Park in Gloucestershire is a green wellies at the back door, Jilly Cooper-style existence. Horses, dogs, mud and country rides make for healthy, high-spirited children, with a hint of their mother's aggressive attitude towards intruding photographers. The Princess Royal herself has matured from a discontented girl into a woman who accepts that, even for princesses, there are no fairytale endings and you do not necessarily marry Prince Charming. Her practical

approach is to get on and make the most of it, and this is reflected in her happily boisterous children leading their everyday life of upper-class folk.

The first child of the Duke and Duchess of York, due in August, is probably going to fall mid-way between the publicity that Prince William is exposed to and the relative seclusion of other royals. The Yorks are attractive to Royal Watchers, which may rebound on their children, but they are also hearty extroverts, well suited to each other, and this should make for an uncomplicated and probably not terribly academic child. Further speculation, even for genetic experts, is inconclusive, but there is a good chance of another redhead in the family as Sarah brings back to the Windsors an infusion of Stuart genes. When the baby is born it will be known as Prince or Princess X of York, and will be fifth in line to the throne, pushing its uncle Prince Edward into sixth place, and all other royal relatives after him down a peg.

Life for the royal children is a substantial advance on that of two generations ago. The Queen and Princess Margaret spent their schooldays cloistered with a governess, and only met the children of relatives and courtiers. Their own father, King George VI, lived in terror of a summons to the presence of his father, and the dread words of "His Royal Highness wishes to see you in the library" which heralded another royal carpeting.

Charles was the first heir to the throne to attend a public school, and his days there sound heart-rending. At his prep school, Cheam, a master found the new boy "standing on his own and shunned by the other boys". It was worse at Gordonstoun where even his cousins were put off befriending him by accusations from other boys that they were sucking up to the heir to the throne. A naturally shy boy, Charles was miserably lonely for most of his schooldays.

Since then, there have been changes in the schools and in the attitudes of the pupils. How different it must be for Peter Phillips at Port Regis prep school, run by the go-ahead David Prichard, who says of him, "He is an extremely popular boy. He is in every team there is, and performs in as many of our theatre productions as possible."

Most children hate to be set apart from their fellows, and find security in being absorbed among their schoolmates. Today's new generation of children and teachers will make it easier for the royal children to attain the ideal of being just one of a crowd. So how are the children getting on?

Prince William

Born June 21, 1982, St Mary's, Paddington. Second in line to the throne.

Obviously set to be a headline stealer in the years to come, William Arthur Philip Louis of Wales is a boisterous, self-confident child whose exploits occasionally earn him a whack on the bottom from his mother. "Wills" or "Wombat", as he is known at home, is markedly different to his father when young. Prince Charles was shy and thoughtful with formal manners, though occasionally prone to a tantrum, for which he would apologise later. Wills is a bustling tearaway, who earned himself the name of "Basher" for playground brawls at Mrs Mynors's nursery school. From there he was sent to Wetherby, a pre-preparatory school in Notting Hill Gate, with fees of £890 a term. As one of 120 boys aged from four to nine, he is having to learn that he is not the centre of attention, though, as the prospectus says, "Emphasis is placed on individual attention to and understanding of each boy's particular needs and problems." The school has a high reputation in music, and William attends a "Fun with Music" class once a week, where his exuberance finds an outlet in percussion playing. He is also taking lessons in computing with the BBC Master Compact Computer. After Wetherby William will go to a prep school near Highgrove, the Waleses' country home. Eton, old school of Lords Spencer and Althorp, is favoured by his mother as a public-school possibility, but, for security reasons, has disadvantages. Charles may decide that William should go to the more remote and testing Gordonstoun, his own old school. He himself does not have fond memories of it, but it might suit his rumbustious son.



TIM LURATIAN



NUNN SYNDICATION



NUNN SYNDICATION



The royal princes, although brought up in London, are used to watching sporting events in green wellies and Barbours. Top left, Prince William and above left, Prince Harry, watching polo at Cirencester, June, 1987. Centre left, Prince Harry arrives at Aberdeen airport for his family's annual summer visit to Balmoral, August 15, 1987. Above right, photocall at Sandringham, January, 1988: Prince William and Prince Harry with their cousin Peter Phillips who drives an antique fire engine. School life in London, right: Prince Harry's first day at Mrs Mynors's nursery school at Chepstow Villas, September, 1987, with his brother and parents; far right, William at a rehearsal for a nativity play at Mrs Mynors's nursery school, December 9, 1986. He is now at Wetherby school in Notting Hill Gate



GLENN HARVEY

Prince Henry

Born September 15, 1984, St Mary's, Paddington. Third in line to the throne.

Prince Henry Charles Albert David falls into the role of admiring second brother, happy to follow William into whatever scrape he is getting into, but less boisterous by nature. Harry is gentle and probably benefits, like many second children, from his parents' mistakes with the first-born. "I think we are able to communicate an atmosphere of greater relaxation to him," Charles said once. "Harry sleeps marvellously and eats well. He's a thoroughly splendid chap." Harry is now attending Mrs Jane Mynors's nursery school in Chepstow Villas, following in his elder brother's footsteps. The school uses the Montessori system, which Diana herself taught at a nursery school. Montessori tries to make a child think and act for himself, within a framework of discipline and respect for others. He has been encouraged to paint, make collages and other handicrafts, and takes part in music and movement classes. He will follow Prince William to Wetherby, originally recommended to the Waleses by Princess Michael of Kent after she had sent her son, Prince Frederick of Windsor, there. Harry is learning to ride the family's Shetland pony, Smokey, which his brother has outgrown, and is also being taught to swim. His hair has a reddish-gold Spencer tint, but his features are closer to his father's side, with a passing resemblance to his grandfather, George VI.



NUNN SYNDICATION



NUNN SYNDICATION

Peter Phillips

Born November 15, 1977, St Mary's, Paddington. Seventh in line to the throne.

Farming and horses are the central interest at his parents' home, Gatcombe Park in Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire. Peter is obviously growing up in an environment that suits him well. He has turned from the naughty child whom the Queen once described as "a little monkey, just like his mother," into a bright and energetic boy. Setting a new style in education, he began at the local village school, then moved to Blue Boys school, Minchinhampton, before going on in September 1985 to the larger, well-equipped Port Regis preparatory school in Dorset. It is a co-educational school with 250 pupils, of whom one-third are girls, and it is set in a 150-acre park outside Shaftesbury. The school prides itself on its modern facilities. It has 30 computers, in which Peter takes a keen interest, a sports hall, squash courts, and a full-time professional drama teacher. Peter is also to be found in the woodwork department, where pupils work on grandmother clocks and Welsh dressers, and he is a member of the hockey, rugby, soccer and cricket teams. Despite all this, and the extra-curricular activities of canoeing, beekeeping, riding and fishing, there is still a firm emphasis on academic progress. The school, which costs £1,835 a term, is, says his headmaster, perfect for an active and energetic boy like Peter. At home he rides a scrambler motorbike and his interest in tractors is even greater than in horses, so a farmer's life may be the one for him. He will probably go from Port Regis to Marlborough College, old school of his father, and within easy reach of Gatcombe Park.



Farming and horses are central interests of Mr and Mrs Mark Phillips's children Zara, above, at Sandringham, January, 1988, and Peter, right, at Brigstock Horse Trials, March, 1987. Opposite page: Peter watches horse trials at his own home, Gatcombe Park, in June, 1987. Centre, Zara with her grandmother, the Queen, at Windsor Horse Show, May, 1987; centre right, upturned on her mother's lap with her father and brother Peter at Windsor Horse show, 1985; and far right, Zara at the same show in 1986



Zara Phillips

Born May 15, 1981, St Mary's, Paddington. Eighth in line to the throne.

Zara Anne Elizabeth Phillips has a determined face and a strong approach to life, probably the result of being the younger sister to an extrovert elder brother. At the local school in Minchinhampton she enjoyed the rough and tumble of playground games. She is now a pupil at Beaudesert Park preparatory school, at £695 a term. The school has a strong academic tradition, but cultivates interest in other areas. It has its own theatre, which involves as many children as possible in the productions, a strong music department and good facilities for art, crafts and design. The girls play hockey and netball, with tennis in the summer, and the school is a member of the Cotswold Sailing Club. Zara, like her mother, is mad about horses and avidly watches her parents as they compete at horse trials. Last year she rode her pony, Tango, round Stowell Park, where Princess Anne took part in dressage and showjumping, and attracted attention with her cheeky tee-shirt bearing the slogan, "I'm a little Jamaican beach bum." She is very much her mother's daughter, and will no doubt take an ever more active part in horse trials and gymkhanas.

Alexander

Earl of Ulster. Born October 24, 1974, St Mary's, Paddington. Thirteenth in line to the throne.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are determined to keep their children as far away from the glare of publicity as possible.

Alexander Patrick Gregers Richard Windsor is going to an undisclosed prep school, and in the autumn will go to a public school that has not been announced by the parents. Eton is the Duke's *Alma Mater*.

The first child of the Gloucesters, Alexander was a premature baby, but is now a healthy 13-year-old who, like his architect father, is interested in the mechanics of things. He is fascinated by the farm machinery at their home, Barnwell Manor, Oundle, Northamptonshire, and by his father's motorcycle. He is said to be a thoughtful and well-mannered child by those who have met him. When they are not at their state apartments in Kensington Palace the Gloucesters see little of their relatives, as they live far from the "royal triangle" of Gloucestershire. Barnwell, where the Duke farms a 2,500 acre estate, has belonged to the family of Princess Alice, the Duke's mother, since the reign of Henry VIII, although it was sold in 1912, and then bought back by Princess Alice's husband, Prince Henry, 1st Duke of Gloucester, in 1938.

Lady Davina Windsor

Born November 19, 1977, St Mary's, Paddington. Fourteenth in line to the throne.

Lady Davina Elizabeth Alice Benedikte is the Gloucesters' second child. She attends nearby Kensington Preparatory School for Girls at Upper Phillimore Walk with her younger sister Lady Rose. Davina is particularly keen on ballet classes, but her academic progress was hindered for a while by dyslexia. She has been having extra lessons in Fulham to help her overcome it.

Like her brother and sister, she is kept firmly out of the limelight and there are few photographs of them, apart from a charming picture of the three taken by Lord

Linley outside the French windows at Kensington Palace. Davina is noticeably more blonde than her brother and sister, reflecting her mother's Danish ancestry.



Lady Rose Windsor

Born March 1, 1980, St Mary's, Paddington. Fifteenth in line to the throne.

The youngest of the Gloucester brood, Lady Rose Victoria Birgitte Louise attends Kensington Preparatory School for Girls with her sister during the week. The two girls, wearing the school's dark red uniform, are taken there daily by their nanny. The Duchess (whose Danish extraction gave the names Birgitte to Lady Rose, Benedikte to Lady Davina and Gregers to Alexander, Earl of Ulster) is an indefatigable worker at royal engagements and is president or patron of a number of organisations, many of which have medical connections. Despite her full timetable, she devotes as much time as she can to her children, who are paramount in her life. Unlike their cousins, they are not particularly horse-oriented. The Duchess has always enjoyed music and imparts her musical knowledge to her children. Her favourite sport is tennis, and she is encouraging her offspring to play.



Lord Frederick Windsor

Born April 21, 1979, St Mary's, Paddington. Twentieth in line to the throne.

Princess Michael of Kent admits to an old-fashioned attitude to child rearing, leaving nanny to do the day-to-day chores, and herself putting the emphasis on manners and conversation. She likes to cultivate her children's powers of observation, and if they cannot give her an accurate précis of what they have just been watching on television, it is switched off. Lord Frederick Michael David Louis Windsor is now at Sunningdale prep school in Berkshire, after pre-prep education at Wetherby in Notting Hill Gate. At weekends and holidays he and his family live at Nether Lypiatt Manor near Stroud, in Gloucestershire. "Freddie", as he is known by his family, is bright, with a talent for mimicry. He is a natural leader at school and is a keen chess player. He is fond of riding, and shares a Shetland pony called Dominic with his sister. The most important animals in the household, though, are their mother's eight Burmese and Siamese cats.

Prince Michael went to Eton and Sandhurst, but it is uncertain whether Freddie will follow in his father's footsteps. Eton, with its ability to turn out academically qualified and polished people, seems a natural choice, but Freddie has already been booked in for an entrance examination to Harrow in 1991.

Lady Gabriella Windsor

Born April 23, 1981, St Mary's, Paddington. Twenty-first in line to the throne.

Lady Gabriella Marina Alexandra Ophelia, or "Ella", is taken every morning to Queensgate school in South Kensington by her nanny. She is a bright child, a bit of a handful at times, but with a lot of endearing charm. She is a great collector of pets, which include a rabbit, a guinea-pig, a hamster, a gerbil, two goldfish, a cat and a labrador called Sponge. With a tall, elegant mother like Princess Michael, Ella will get a head start in grooming and style, and is unlikely to make the fashion mistakes of other royals. At the moment she is frequently dressed in sprigged Laura Ashley smocks.

The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester try to keep their children out of the limelight as much as possible. Above left, Alexander, Earl of Ulster with his sisters Lady Rose Windsor (left) and Lady Davina Windsor are pictured at St George's Chapel, Windsor, Christmas, 1986. Left, the children with their parents and grandmother, Princess Alice, at the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of York, July 29, 1986. Above, portrait of Princess Michael of Kent and her children Lady Gabriella Windsor and Lord Frederick Windsor, October, 1987, and right, the family at home in January, 1985



ANTHONY CRICKMAY/CAMERA PRESS

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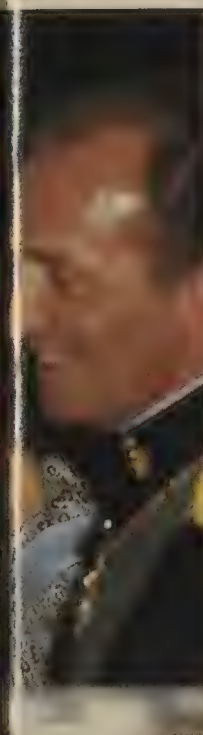
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A BREATH OF FRESH AIR





In recent years relaxation in the royal lifestyle has led to more informality in public, pioneered by the younger members of the royal family, who delight in showing spontaneous affection. But it has spread to more formal occasions; tiaras no longer stand in the way of the public embrace, and the royal kiss can now be seen at almost every sort of event



Above: Double congratulations from the Duchess of York for the Prince of Wales at Windsor.
Centre top: Princess Margaret and Viscount Linley in Gloucestershire.
Centre left: The Queen Mother and Prince Edward in Scotland.
Centre right: The Queen and Queen Sophia of Spain at the Spanish Embassy.
Far right: The Princess of Wales and an admirer

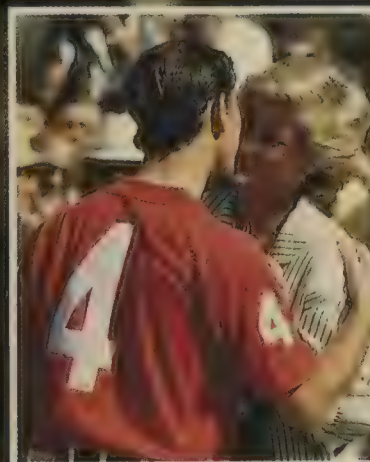
Court in the act of kissing



TIM GRAHAM



TIM GRAHAM



TIM GRAHAM

The look that says it all (left). The Queen is saluted by the Prince of Wales at an international polo game at Smith's Lawn, Windsor. Loving cup in Australia (above) after a victory for the Prince's team at Terribee Park, Melbourne

WORKING WONDERS

Now that the younger royals have started taking jobs there is an obvious gap in the market for a **Royal Family Careers Guide**. Like all such guides aimed at the young, this lavish volume would begin with a general essay on the world of employment. **STEPHEN PILE** provides some straight talk for the royal job hunters.

Illustrations by
NABIL ABOU HAMAD

WHY WORK?

No royal person has ever found it necessary to have a role, a purpose or an identity. However, there is now clear evidence that boredom and lack of variety have driven the Windsors to compensatory risk-taking sports. Edward VII, when Prince of Wales, had to be restrained from crossing Niagara Falls in a wheelbarrow on a tightrope. This is just the sort of situation that working in Sotheby's is designed to avoid.

HOW DO I FIND A JOB?

A job will find you. No sooner had Prince Edward expressed an interest in the theatre than offers poured in. This happened despite the fact that his only theatrical performance that most people have seen was a clip of him on the Nine O'Clock News "dancing" with arms aloft like a small child impersonating a snowflake.

One minute he was phoning Andrew Lloyd Webber to commission a short musical on cricket for the Queen's 60th birthday and the next he was being offered a job in the same office.

In the past, matters were much simpler. If male, you would have entered one of the armed services, performed various light duties for a year or two and then been promoted to General-in-Chief of the armed branch for which you have opted. Prince Andrew is the only member of the Queen's family who has respected this traditional route.

Over the past decade, however, the better sort of family has started allowing its more wayward daughters to restore 17th century brass cupboard handles and old paintings of Dutch nudes. This has filtered through to the Windsors, except that their boys have got interested in the arty crafty side of things as well.

WHAT DO I ACTUALLY DO WHEN I AM AT WORK?

Nobody knows. All one ever sees is the young royal arriving at the office in a Mini, clutching teabags or not, depending upon the profession they have chosen. Then, several hours later, one sees them leaving, doubtless for a pleasant weekend to recover from the whole experience. What they actually do all day is shrouded in mystery.

Only investigative journalists ever really find out. Any member of the royal family wishing to know in more detail about such work would be advised to contact Simon Freeman at *The Sunday Times* or any member of the Insight team.

WILL WORKING AFFECT MY HOLIDAYS?

Nothing affects royal holidays. It would be easier



to fill the Channel in with concrete than to stop the royal family going on regular and prolonged vacations. Even the normally royalist *Daily Express* has noticed that the Duchess of York was away on leave for 99 days last year. It further pointed out that she interrupted her holiday at Balmoral to go on another holiday to Connecticut.

IS IT NECESSARY TO STUDY?

Certainly not. By all means go to Oxford or Cambridge and get a degree, but studying would be taking things too far. Never go into libraries. They are full of Chinese people with colds poring over copies of the *International Maritime Handbook*.

DOES ONE STILL HAVE TO PRETEND THAT ONE IS AN ORDINARY PERSON?

The fashion for egalitarianism, which led our dear Queen to give the impression on television that hers was an ordinary family "working above the shop," has now passed.

However, it is probably still a good move to say that you are just an ordinary employee. It does no harm to mention tea bags from time to time. Creating the impression that you are just an ordinary office factotum need not stop you being invited to present the *Evening Standard* Drama Awards, recite *Peter and The Wolf* with the London Symphony Orchestra, appear in charity duos with Lofty from *EastEnders* or fly off to be the guest of honour at the Folies Bergères anniversary celebrations. Always arrange for somebody else (Andrew Lloyd Webber perhaps) to make tea in your absence. They will consider it an honour.

I suppose it is just possible that somebody will invite you to play King Lear at the National Theatre, but do think carefully about this before accepting.

Appearing ordinary can often work to your advantage. With the birth of his first child imminent, Prince Andrew has shrewdly decided that he cannot take leave or claim any special privileges on this occasion. And so he will not be present for the first all-screaming, all-howling, all-defecating month of the child's life. Furthermore, the Duchess has "Earth Mother" written all over her and will doubtless be getting up at all hours of the night to administer the breast. Uninterrupted sleep seems more likely on the high seas.

IS CARPENTRY ACCEPTABLE?

Only if you absolutely must. While this sort of work has proved acceptable as a stop-gap for those founding major world religions, it is still



not ideal for royalty. The closest a member of the royal family should come to this sort of thing is tree planting. Thereafter, wood, trees and so forth should be no concern of yours. (See Charles and The Environment).

ARE ANY JOBS COMPLETELY UNACCEPTABLE?

Yes, teaching. The Princess of Wales was unthinkable involved in this tacky world for some years. Although this provided unique Bambi-like photo-opportunities, one still shudders to think of it. No one who currently works as a teacher wants to do the job and there is no reason why you should.

The only thing a member of the royal family can teach without loss of face is warfare techniques and aerial bombardment, a subject taught so gloriously by Prince Andrew until 1987.

SHOULD I RUN CANADA?

Well, of course, you wouldn't actually be running it, which will doubtless come as a huge relief. The best you can hope for is to become Governor-General, which is not as time-consuming as it sounds. There is the opportunity

to wear feathers, which many find attractive and, indeed, the scope for dressing up is massively satisfactory.

Charles was, as you know, widely mentioned in connection with the Governorship of Australia, but on reflection it was felt that this would only cause a revolution. Nobody wanted Australia on fire for the Bicentenary celebrations and so he became an environmentalist instead.

None of us working on the *Royal Family Careers Guide* is absolutely certain what an environmentalist is at the moment, but we shall endeavour to find out in time for the next edition. It appears to involve going to people's annual dinners and insulting them, citing numerous examples of how they have botched everything up.

Now that Charles has become an environmentalist, one feels sure that the supply of dinner invitations will dry up soon. No one in their right mind would invite him to address the local pudding club without fears of tabloid headlines. ("NEW PUDDING RUBBISH, PRINCE TELLS CLUB").

SHOULD MY WORK BE RELEVANT?

No. The great thing to avoid is doing any job

that the country actually needs. Anything that creates wealth for the nation or involves any form of manufacturing industry or sets an example to the dangerously non-productive populace of Britain is completely out of the question. The precedent set by the Eighth Earl of Edgcombe's estranged wife, Joan, in working at a Cornish pickle factory, is wholly undesirable.

SHOULD I WORK PART-TIME?

Of course. Only desperate people have jobs that occupy them all day.

WHEN SHOULD I RETIRE?

As soon as you like. In the case of women the ideal time to hand in your notice is several months after you have started the job. "Having a child" or "Other commitments" or "Wanting to spend more time with one's husband" are all acceptable reasons. It is unlikely that you will want to work for more than a year unless, like Viscount Linley, you have to, or, like Prince Edward, you are stage-struck.

WHAT SHOULD I DO IN THE EVENT OF A REVOLUTION?

It is difficult to see what would cause a revolution in this country: nothing upsets them. The betrothal of Prince Edward to Samantha Fox might raise eyebrows, but no one would be really surprised. The same would apply if Prince Charles turned Buckingham Palace into an inner city farm for the production of additive free mange tout.

A more serious problem is that families do not remain on the throne of England for ever. It was true of the Tudors, the Stuarts, everyone. The burning question is when will the House of Windsor complete its own tenancy? I predict sometime during the reign of Prince William.


One can only speculate as to the likely cause of his downfall. However, two possibilities spring immediately to mind. First, he is said to be an ill-mannered child and he might well provoke an uprising of the British people as a result of some rudeness offered on *Desert Island Discs* to Dame Susan Lawley, as the much-loved doyenne of broadcasting will then be known. There are things that even the British public will not tolerate from royalty. And this is one of them.

Alternatively, it is quite possible that the whole Windsor line will be wiped out in a simultaneous parachute leap of some kind, such is their reckless pursuit of danger.



However, in the event of a revolution or of the House of Windsor toppling, then you will just have to get a proper job, a subject that is quite outside the range of a guidebook like this 🏰




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Princess Royal painted by John Ward. Photograph courtesy of the National Portrait Gallery

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The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh with their grandchildren: Prince William, Prince Harry, Prince Louis, Prince George, and Zara Phillips. By YOUSUF KARSHI



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother in a birthday study with pet corgi, Ranger. By Lord SNOWDON



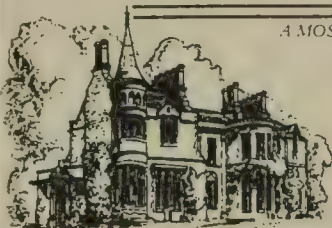
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Below: The Sainsbury Wing, a Post-Modernist extension to the National Gallery
Bottom: Prince Charles's own 'pompous' Highgrove House

Tony Clegg, Chairman of the Mountleigh Group, considers that the Prince of Wales's speech at the Mansion House last December on planning in the City of London was "impertinent". Well he would, wouldn't he? He is the property developer behind the scheme for Paternoster Square next to St Paul's that the Prince so criticised. Similarly, it is not surprising that Michael Manser considers that the Prince of Wales's views on architecture are ill-informed and out of touch as he was President of the Royal Institute of British Architects when the Prince made his first devastating intervention into architecture at Hampton Court in 1984.

Since then, Prince Charles has never looked back. "The reason I am standing here," he announced to the Building Communities conference in 1986, "about to invite a barrage of criticism that I don't know what I am talking about, that I have got my facts wrong and clearly haven't done enough research, is not because I am a deranged masochist, but because I happen to believe that the subject this conference is addressing itself to is one of extraordinary importance." That is, community architecture: the process by which ordinary people have some control over the environment in which they live.

Prince Charles is a populist, a spokesman for the widespread reaction against the usually disastrous social experiments of the Modern Movement and for the popular resentment against an often arrogant and insensitive profession. "For far too long, it seems to me," he said at Hampton Court, "some planners and architects have consistently ignored the feelings and wishes of the mass of ordinary people in this country." At Mansion House he thundered, "If there is one message I would like to deliver this evening, in no uncertain terms, it is that large numbers of us in this country are fed up with being talked down to by the existing planning, architectural and development establishment."

There are dangers in this attitude. Planners and architects do have professional skills and have to cope with problems beyond the comprehension of the ordinary individual. Furthermore, the creation of a fine piece of architecture requires the exercise of unique talents which most of us do not possess. But that does not mean that architects should be above criticism. Architecture is the most public of the arts and it affects all our lives. As Dr Johnson once observed, "You may scold a carpenter who has made you a bad table, though you cannot make a table. It is not your trade to make tables."

More serious is the criticism that the Prince of Wales has become a one-man planning authority, that he is unrepresentative. It is true that he has a power and an influence not possessed by us ordinary architectural critics. For much of the time most newspapers could not care less about architecture, but if Prince Charles speaks on the subject even the popular



PHOTOGRAPHERS INTERNATIONAL

One practical result of the introduction of muralists and other craftsmen can be seen in the recent revamping of Unilever House

press takes it up and television programmes are made on the themes which he explores. Possibly this represents power without responsibility. Certainly Prince Charles needs to exercise his influence responsibly—the unfortunate firm who designed the “monstrous carbuncle” next to the National Gallery still have not recovered from that débâcle, although their scheme was certainly no worse than what we are eventually to get in Trafalgar Square.

What cannot be said of Prince Charles is that he is ill-informed, for it has emerged that he has consulted a wide and changing range of individuals in the architectural world over the last few years. Those who are not part of this “kitchen cabinet” resent its existence, but there is nothing wrong, or new, about members of the royal family taking professional advice. Prince Charles, after all, has many interests and could not possibly have the time to pursue the complexities of architectural history and politics even if he wished to do so. And, also, that accomplished charmer and obliging architect, Sir Hugh Casson, has been advising the royal family for years and is reported to have filled Windsor Castle with furniture with metal legs and coloured balls on the end. What now alarms the architectural establishment is that advice is no longer coming from committed Modernists.

It is quite clear that Prince Charles makes up his own mind on architectural questions but those he consults are, nevertheless, evidence of the way his mind has been working. A most revealing occasion was the full meeting of the “kitchen cabinet” that took place at Highgrove, shortly before the Mansion House speech. Last to arrive—by helicopter—was Dr Rod Hackney, the energetic apostle of “community architecture” who has done so much to interest the Prince of Wales in the nation’s housing problems. Indeed, Messrs Wates and Knevitt, the authors of a recent book on community architecture, credit the Prince’s Hampton Court speech with creating “the breakthrough for the public perception” of this approach. For Dr Hackney the association was also beneficial: he is now not only famous but President of the RIBA—after a bitterly contested election.

The others already assembled on the lawn at Highgrove were a curious bunch. There was the geographer, Alice Coleman, whose book, *Utopia on Trial. Vision and Reality in Planned Housing*, has infuriated the architectural profession by analysing the social failures of modern council housing in statistical terms. Even more infuriating, she is now being employed to improve council estates by recommending the removal of upper walkways, open corridors and other features that residents detest. Then there was Theo Crosby, the architect, who was once a committed modernist but who is now the proponent of civilised Arts and Crafts ideals. Through the Art and Architecture Group, he advocates the humanising of architecture through what was

once commonplace: the introduction of sculptors, muralists and other craftsmen. One practical result of this can be seen in Crosby’s recent revamping of Unilever House next to Blackfriars Bridge.

Then there was Christopher Martin, the BBC television producer who has been responsible for a number of programmes on architecture, notably *City of Towers*. This, a devastating historical account of post-war planning and redevelopment, was the work of Christopher Booker, the first editor of *Private Eye* who is now Peter Simple II and who seems to have coined the memorable phrases in the Hampton Court speech, notably “monstrous carbuncle”. And then there was Rusheen, Lady Wynne-Jones, an extraordinary and redoubtable figure whose association with the Prince of Wales gives most cause for concern. Rusheen’s heart is in the right place and she can rightly take the credit for slaying the “Green Giant” which was to rear up near Vauxhall Bridge. But her Londoners’ Society seems to represent the cosy outlook of Chelsea and Kensington residents who like Georgian architecture and do not like change. The architectural problems of the capital are rather more serious.

And there was Jeremy Benson, the former Chairman of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings—but he seems to have been there because Buckingham Palace got it wrong: they were actually after Sir Christopher Benson, the Chairman of the London Docklands Development Corporation.

The key people of the Mansion House speech, however, were three journalists and an architect who will not build. The architect was Leon Krier, the Luxembourgish ex-Marxist former assistant of James Stirling who has become a most influential urban theorist. Krier argues both for a return to Classical architecture and to the human scale and pattern of the traditional European city. The journalists were Colin Amery, architectural correspondent of the *Financial Times*, Dan Cruickshank, features editor of the *Architects’ Journal*, and Jules Lubbock, architectural critic of the *New Statesman*. Amery and Cruickshank together wrote the *Rape of Britain* back in 1975, an early assault on the forces that the Prince of Wales still needs to attack. Cruickshank, a pioneer in the rehabilitation of Spitalfields and a historian of Georgian London, is a proponent of a revived Classicism in architecture. Amery, as organiser of the *FT*’s “Architecture at Work” Award and an adviser on the National Gallery’s new extension, has to be rather broader in his tastes.

Perhaps the most unlikely of the Prince’s advisers is Jules Lubbock. A lecturer in history at Essex University, Lubbock is a man of the Left who has distanced himself from the post-war Socialist belief in social engineering through architecture. He hates the arrogance and pretensions of architects just as much as he hates property developers and would like to do without both where possible. The Prince’s



“Large numbers of us in this country are fed up with being talked down to by the existing planning, architectural and development establishment.”

Prince Charles

Rod Hackney, left, the energetic apostle of community architecture
Bottom, the Shepherd of Paternoster Square remains unimpressed



GEREMY BUTLER

Mansion House speech was concerned with several of Lubbock's perfectly sane and admirable hobby-horses, notably the desirability of reimposing a height restriction in London so as to liberate the dome of St Paul's from the mediocre competition it now suffers.

But the important question remains: what sort of architecture does the Prince of Wales actually like and want? It is clear from his speeches what he does not like, just as his brief and non-committal remarks at the opening of the second phase of Stuart Lipton's Broadgate development at Liverpool Street—a vast essay in American commercial office accommodation by Ove Arup & Partners—spoke volumes. But does he know what he likes? Evidence suggests he might be confused as, on the one hand, he wants to restore the small courtyards and narrow streets of the old City while, on the other, he admires the arid, formal Classical plan for the area around St Paul's prepared during the Second World War by Lutyens and the Royal Academicians. The two are, to a degree, contradictory.

The sort of new architecture Prince Charles would like to see, around St Paul's at any rate, was spelt out in the Mansion House speech. "It should be a beautiful area on a human scale, built at ground level not on top of a car park... I would also like to see the kinds of materials Wren might have used—soft red brick and stone dressings perhaps, and the ornament and detail of Classical architecture, but on a scale humble enough not to compete with the monumentality of St Paul's." None of the designs submitted in the secret developers' competition for Paternoster Square met this brief. One that does is the unsolicited scheme by John Simpson, one of a younger generation of architects who are fervently committed to a revival of "Real Architecture", by which they mean Classical architecture.


Simpson's scheme, both in style and in its understanding of the ancient street pattern of the area, is most appropriate for the surroundings of St Paul's. But is "Real Architecture" valid elsewhere? Here is the worry. Back in 1984, Prince Charles's architectural tastes seem to have been more catholic. Not only did he admire community architecture, which can be in any style or no style, he also referred to "Ted Cullinan—a man after my own heart." Mr Cullinan is a resourceful modern architect who reinterprets traditional style and methods with originality and great skill—as can be seen in his rebuilding of Barnes Parish Church or his recent Lambeth Community Care Centre. He does not believe that the rules of Classical architecture are God-given and absolute, as does the doyen of the royal architecture clique, Quinlan Terry.

What is disturbing is that architects like Cullinan, once invited to architectural sessions at Buckingham Palace, are now back out in the cold. Prince Charles may be becoming committed to Classicism. The danger in this is that

the work of these new Classicists is so often pedantic and unimaginative as well as conspicuously inferior to the work of the great men of the past: Wren, Soane, Lutyens. Advocating this approach for all situations in modern conditions is to play into the hands of the jealous, bitter old Modernists, who can again claim that the Prince is out of touch and ill-informed. For the real challenge is to fuse past and present, to reconcile respect for ancient fabrics and historic monuments with modern needs and methods.

That Classicism can be both urbane and socially responsible was demonstrated on the Prince of Wales's own Duchy of Cornwall Estate over 70 years ago. In Kensington, just before the First World War, the architects Adshead and Ramsay revived the Regency style for a bold slum-clearance scheme which, today, is one of the most charming examples of public housing in London. The tragedy is that Prince Charles has not been able to build on this tradition. Although he has employed the community architects, Hunt Thompson Associates, to refurbish some of the flats, the Duchy of Cornwall Estate is selling off the little houses and allowing the area to become gentrified. The only real architecture Prince Charles has been able to commission is at his own rather grander home, Highgrove. This house began life as an unpretentious Georgian brick box but now it has been given an order of pilasters and a pediment—all very correct but somehow more pompous—by William Bertram, an architect who specialises in creating luxury hotels in historic buildings, interpreting the ideas of the painter Felix Kelly.

In his admirable and real concern for a more humane and socially-responsible architecture, with his respect for tradition and for the historical character of towns and cities, Prince Charles is a powerful spokesman for his generation and his time. But in other respects he is out of touch, for modern conditions do not encourage royalty to build. How very different was the patronage exercised by his extravagant forbear, the Prince Regent, who, as Prince of Wales, commissioned Henry Holland and John Nash and built Carlton House and the Brighton Pavilion—buildings as magnificent as they were modern. And when he became King he pulled down Carlton House and built Buckingham Palace. Poor Prince Charles could not possibly compete.

But the Prince could do more. In the last year, the side of Buckingham Palace has been disfigured by a brick bunker along Buckingham Palace Road—a real monstrous carbuncle which is neither Classical in style nor respectful to its site. This outrage was committed by the Property Services Agency and won "Pilot's" Hugh Casson Medal in *Private Eye*. Could not Prince Charles have halted or amended this scheme for his parents' garden? Those who preach on architectural matters should set an example at home 



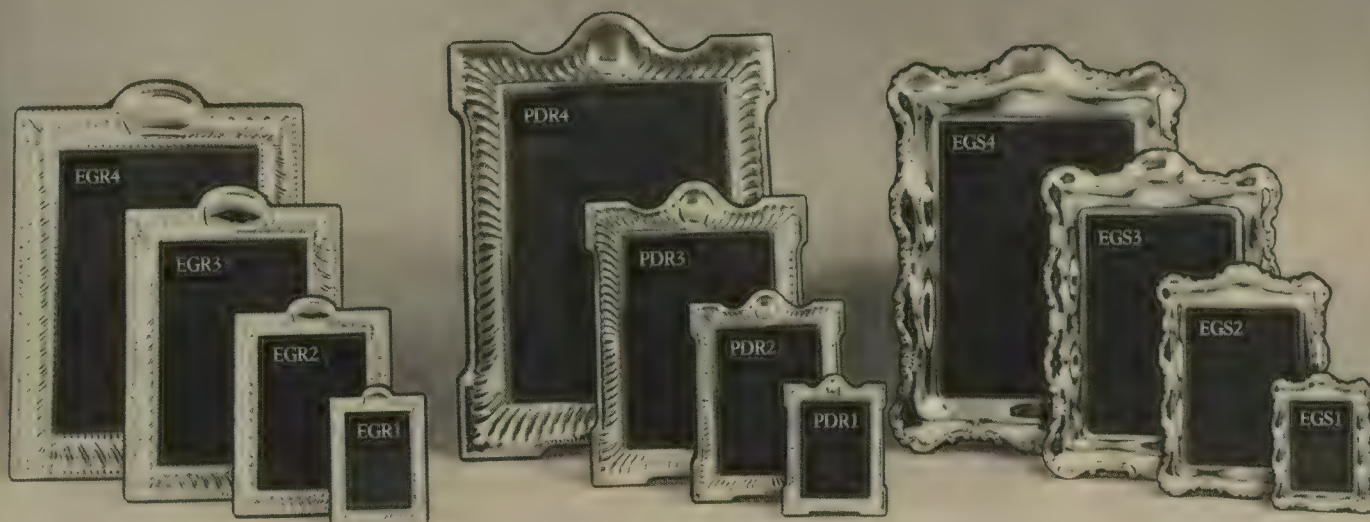
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The Prince and Princess of Wales lead the dancing in Melbourne, Australia in 1985. Right, the Duke of Edinburgh square-dancing at a party at Government House, Ottawa, during the 1951 royal Canadian tour



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Above, the Princess of Wales takes a tour round the Royal Ballet School. Below, Vacani's School of Dancing, a royal favourite



COLORIFIC

The Queen and her family must be among the most danced-for people on earth. Just think of all those foreign tours where exuberant locals—in various styles of national undress—have swayed for them, stomped for them and waved their spears. Think of all those galas, shows and command performances where first-rate ballerinas and second-rate hoofers have twirled and tapped for them. Across the world and over the years, the royals must have enjoyed—and endured—a great deal.

But they have always been more than spectators. Though dancing may not feature too prominently on their list of favourite pastimes—falling, one suspects, some way below tank driving and just above talking to flowers—it has played an important part in their public and private lives. At formal dinners and intimate nightclubs, at ritzy parties and inner-city youth clubs, they have waltzed and boogied, samba'd and body-popped.

Few have whirled longer or more enthusiastically than the Queen Mother who has loved dancing all her life. Brought up during the first decades of this century, when dancing was still considered an essential social accomplishment, little Elizabeth took dancing lessons as a matter of course. At Glamis, she and her younger brother David were taught by Mr Neal, an elderly gentleman with a long white beard who would come over from Forfar and put the children through their paces to the strains of his ancient fiddle. They possessed a natural flair, which their mother, Lady Strathmore, liked to show off to her guests. When the local minister went to tea at the castle in 1909, he recalled how she "sat down at the piano and played a few bars of a quaint old minuet. Suddenly, as if by a magician's touch, two little figures seemed to rise from the floor and dance, with admirable precision and grace. . .".

That grace was never to desert Elizabeth. She has danced into her 80s with dainty vigour. Though she has slowed her pace in recent years, she has always had tremendous stamina and has often left younger people wilting as she has twirled into the wee small hours. The Highland Fling is what she likes doing best—energetic Scottish reels and the "Dashing White Sergeant"—but she has a catholic taste. Biographer Ann Morrow—who seems privy to a great many personal details—assures us that she has recently had a passion for dancing to Charles Aznavour records, for prancing round Clarence House to "Dance in the Old-Fashioned Way". If this is the case, then the Queen Mother's sense of rhythm must be highly developed indeed.

Her love of dancing has been inherited by her daughters who also started lessons at an early age. Under the strict regime devised for them by their first governess, the unfortunate Marion "Crawfie" Crawford, who served the family for 17 years from 1932, but who was frowned upon, in later life, for publishing the secrets of the royal nursery—the young princesses of York spent Monday afternoons learning to dance. Their teacher was Madame Betty Vacani, a lady very popular with society mothers who had

TOPHAM PICTURE LIBRARY



begun her career teaching deportment and exercise to delicate children. At 145 Piccadilly, the Yorks' home, she introduced Lilibet and Margaret Rose to the steps that were to help them glide smoothly through a thousand state balls and charity dances.

By the time they were young women they were accomplished at both ballroom dancing and traditional Scottish reels; taking to the dance floor was no painful duty, but something they genuinely enjoyed. On tour in Canada in December, 1951, Princess Elizabeth, tired by the heavy schedule and worried about the failing health of her father the King, found an evening's square dancing a real tonic. At Government House in Ottawa she skipped and shimmied like a regular hayseed, and photographs show her looking happy and relaxed. Her clothes, however, were something of a last-minute affair. Finding nothing suitably rustic in the royal luggage, the Princess's dresser—Margaret "Bobo" MacDonald (who serves her still)—had to raid the local shops. As a result, the Duke of Edinburgh looked anything but regal in a lumberjack shirt and jeans—his turn-ups must have been the widest in town—while the Princess sported a swirling 50s dirndl and those inspired gems of ugliness, clumpy peep-toe shoes.

Undistracted by horses, Princess Margaret enjoys dancing even more than her sister. In February, 1946, three visits to Covent Garden to watch Margot Fonteyn in a lavish post-war production of *The Sleeping Beauty* fired a love of ballet that earned her the family nickname "Margo". She now takes obvious pleasure in her Presidency of the Royal Ballet and the Sadler's Wells Foundation, and is also President of the English Folk Dance Society—a fitting role for someone with a Girl Guide folk dance badge to her credit. In 1957 ballroom dance teachers condemned her for encouraging rock 'n' roll which was turning young people away from formal dancing, but despite her jivin' and her copies of *Melody Maker*, she never forgot how to rumba. Today, as ever, she cuts an elegant figure on the dance floor.

But however capable these more senior royals may be, they are always ready to acknowledge a real master when they meet one. At Goodwood in the early 60s, the Queen was joined in the Royal Enclosure by the incomparable Fred Astaire. When he mentioned to her that he had danced with her mother many years before, the Queen was quick to reply: "You mean *she* danced with *you*."

All the Queen's children benefited from Madame Vacani's expert tuition, but for the young Windsors dancing could not compete with riding, fishing and a host of other, more hearty, activities. Even so, they enjoyed their fair share of parties, school dances and discos. At a Boxing Day do in 1963, a *Sketch* reporter thought Prince Charles and his sister made "a real fab pair of royal twisters". For more than two hours they "did the twist, shake and hully-gully, to the raw beat of a group called The Pagans." Gosh! They were with it—and might have been more so, had the Prince donned a Beatle wig like some of the other

The Prince and Princess of Wales dancing at a ball in Melbourne in January when the Prince admitted: "Our lot has been to start the dancing which, I assure you, makes the heart sink."



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANWAR HUSSEIN



Princess Margaret, President of the English Folk Dance Society whose festival she attended at Cecil Sharp House, London, in 1955. Far right: The Queen Mother dancing with the union president at London University's students' ball at the Senate House in 1970

dancers. When they were older, and the hully-gully—whatever it was—had gone the way of the dodo, there were Cambridge balls for Charles and Edward, while Anne and Andrew were regularly spotted bopping at favourite London night-clubs such as Annabel's, Wedgie's and La Valbonne.

When it comes to dancing in public, however, Anne and Andrew are rarely to be seen. They have left that sort of thing to Edward and to the Prince of Wales who, though reluctant, is usually good-natured enough to have a go. In March, 1985, for example, at a workshop for unemployed youngsters in Sussex, Charles survived a brief breakdancing session without major injury. And in 1981 he was praised for his disco technique when he joined dancers at a community centre in Derby. "He's got good rhythm," said their leader, "and some really great moves."

But getting through a disco routine is one thing, looking elegant in the ballroom, quite another. All the Prince's most memorable attempts at formal dancing have taken place in Australia. Something about the Antipodes must affect the tips of the royal toes because, on each of their three tours, Charles and Diana have opened the dancing at a sparkling ball. In 1983 they did it in Sydney, and in 1985 and January of this year, in Melbourne. It is something which the Prince—more at home on a polo pony than the dance floor, and well aware of his own limitations—has come to dread. He admitted in January: "Our lot has been to start the dancing which, I assure you, makes the heart sink."

Worried that he and his wife would "make an awful exhibition" of themselves, he did his duty with gusto, however. Diana, in one of her prettiest dresses—a long silk taffeta sheath, speckled with flowers and slit to the knee—was propelled across the floor to an up-tempo version of Glenn Miller's "In the Mood". At one point her husband's jiving became so energetic, she was heard to implore: "Steady, steady, please slow down."

The 600 or so guests at the ball were highly appreciative, but what did the experts think? I spoke to Leonard Morgan, Chairman of the British Council of Ballroom Dancing and President of the International Council. The couple's dance was "just a bit of freestyle, a bit of fun and games", he explained. "Charles did his best under the public gaze, but he was doing something of which he had little, if any, knowledge at all. When I saw him on television I thought, if he'd just take a one-hour lesson in the fundamental movements he'd do very much better."

An hour is not a lot to ask, even of a busy Prince. While no one would expect Charles to become amateur modern champion overnight, a little extra expertise for a man so widely gawped at would hardly go amiss. And he obviously has potential. Under his wife's influence his dancing has already improved: he looked far more relaxed and flamboyant in January than he did in 1983. But, as Mr Morgan readily admits, the most important thing for all dancers is that they enjoy them-

selves, and in Melbourne, after the initial nervousness, the Waleses certainly appeared to do that. Laughing and smiling, their hearts were obviously in the right place even if their feet were not.

Much the same could be said of "stage-struck" Edward. Unlike Charles, however, he has no inhibitions about performing in front of large audiences—indeed, he seems to relish it. Last year he danced with TV presenter Vicki Licorish on BBC1's *Saturday Superstore*, and as a student actor was often cavorting on stage. Seen in film clips rehearsing for one Cambridge revue, he looked enthusiastic but a trifle wooden—perhaps robot dancing would suit him better than more conventional hoofing. At any rate, with his new career and genuine interest in show business, he is sure to pick up a few tips from the professionals. No doubt the ladies at the Moulin Rouge—where he attended a gala in February—could show him a thing or two.

Though he is a competent dancer, and President of the Contemporary Dance Trust, the Duke of York seems less willing than his brothers to cut a caper in public. His wife, too, is reluctant. At her school, Hurst Lodge—where the emphasis appears to have been on ballet rather than more academic subjects—Sarah Ferguson had ample opportunity to learn dancing, but she plumped instead for more full-bodied sports like netball and swimming. Now she skis, flies helicopters and watches other people dance—usually in *The Phantom of the Opera*. Her hair may be the right colour, but "Ginger Bush", as her father used to call her, seems unlikely to play Ginger Rogers to Andy's Fred Astaire.

In contrast, the Princess of Wales, a self-confessed balletomane, has twirled merrily all her life, and in the line-up of young royals, must surely be the most naturally gifted dancer. Though well known for her disco fever, she has a solid background in formal dancing. At West Heath school near Sevenoaks she took both ballet and tap-dancing lessons, and later, in 1983, was visiting ballerina Merle Park for classes at her Chiswick studio. "I always wanted to be a ballet dancer," she has revealed, "and started taking lessons when I was three-and-a-half. But I just grew too tall."

Her height has not prevented her from turning in some pretty polished performances—one of them with the diminutive Wayne Sleep. At a Royal Opera House gala in December, 1985, they danced a duet as a Christmas surprise for Prince Charles. Doing high kicks to Billy Joel's "Uptown Girl", the supple Princess won rapturous applause. "She was as good as a lot of professional dancers I see on the television," said Wayne, "and I think she would compete very well against some of them."

Not long before, the Princess of Wales had partnered John Travolta at a glittering White House ball. Wearing a dark suit instead of a white one, and a bowtie instead of a medallion, the disco king whirled her across the floor while the Reagans saltzted sedately nearby. "The Princess is wonderful—she's got style and


PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF BBC HULTON PICTURE LIBRARY



As a child the Queen Mother danced with her brother David to the strains of dancing master Mr Neal's fiddle

rhythm," John told reporters. "For 15 lovely minutes she made me feel like a Prince"—which, for a boy from "Noo Joysey", is quite a long time.

If the royals were to stage an all dancin' extravaganza—and no doubt the Really Useful Company could be called upon to help—then Diana would certainly merit a solo. The Queen Mother could give a sprightly display of Scottish dancing and her daughters could perform a

duet—as they used to do as children in Buckingham Palace pantomimes. Until they loosen up, however, the rest of the family might be well advised to stay in the chorus line. But even if they chose not to, no one would really mind: expertise and entertainment value are not always synonymous, and next to a pregnant royal there is hardly anything, it seems, more popular with the Press and the public than a dancing one. 





T. CONNELL

FERGIE'S HEAD START

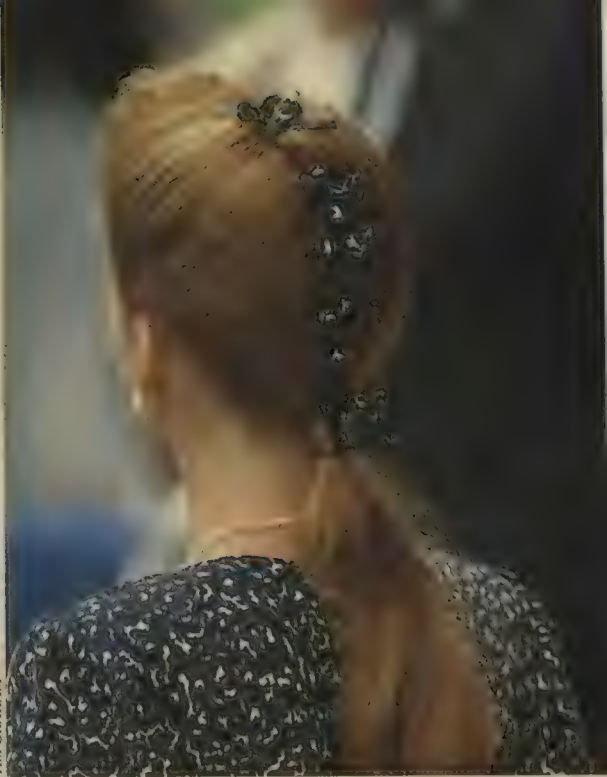


TIM GRAHAM

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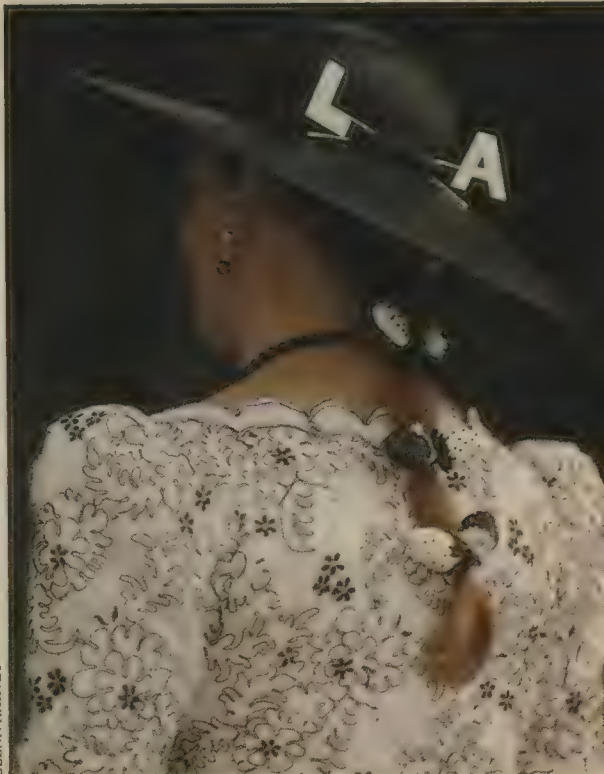


On a visit to Los Angeles in the spring the Duchess of York delighted the Californians with her witty, inventive hairstyles and headgear—some looks were created in a true spirit of Anglo-American friendship (main picture and far right centre) and others designed for gala occasions

TIM GRAHAM



GLENN HARVEY



TIM GRAHAM



TIM GRAHAM



TIM GRAHAM



Robin Janvrin

The new press secretary to the Queen has suffered frequent criticism.

MARCEL BERLINS asks if it has been justified

Friends of Robin Janvrin, when told that he was to be the Queen's press secretary, fell into two camps. Some were merely very surprised; the others reacted with utter disbelief. Why would a 41-year-old high-flying diplomat, apparently destined to be one of Her Majesty's ambassadors or High Commissioners, choose to swap that career for a job that promised more aggravation than satisfaction, far more brickbats than bouquets? By temperament and inclination, Janvrin seemed ill-suited to the post. Yet it was an offer he could not refuse. The Queen herself must have approved his candidacy, perhaps even suggested it. Janvrin's sense of duty and services would not have allowed him to turn down his monarch's request.

Now he is being unjustly saddled with criticisms which should rightly be aimed at the nature of his post. The enormous national and international interest in our royals is catered for by a press bureau of only six—the Queen's press secretary, two deputy press secretaries and three information officers. This means that they spend most of their time reacting to queries for information, and hardly any of it influencing and developing the monarchy's image. It may

seem distasteful to many to talk of the Queen in the language of advertising and public relations, but the royal family is a marketable product which is not immune from the normal rules of promotion and marketing.

Ideally, the Queen's press secretary should, these days, be involved in the positive projection of the newsworthy members of the family, not just act as a mouthpiece responding to questions. Janvrin's problem is that he is not being allowed to do this job. The Queen herself has strong views and she is, not surprisingly, out of sympathy with modern media attitudes and methods. It was she who took the first tentative steps towards making the royal family more open and accessible to its subjects; but she now believes the process has gone too far. (She has not always been helped by some of the antics of her own children—Prince Edward's *It's a Royal Knockout* was a public relations disaster.)

Once the media gates have opened they are impossible to shut again; but a skilful and imaginative press secretary ought to be able to repair past damage and steer his clients towards a more stable, mutually trusting relationship with the Press. Whether Robin Janvrin is able to achieve that rapprochement will depend not just on his own persuasive and diplomatic talents—which are considerable—but also on whether he is allowed enough room for action by his employer.

He was picked for the job, which carries a salary of little more than £30,000, because he was noticed by those who matter during the Queen's visit to India in 1983. As first secretary at the British High Commission in Delhi, he bore much of the organisational burden of that royal trip. He did well. He was personable, clever, conscientious and good at the minutiae of planning. He has learned that those attributes do not necessarily make a Queen's press secretary.

The days are long gone when journalists writing on royal affairs would wait dutifully for an official statement from Buckingham Palace, publish it unquestioningly and be grateful for the favour bestowed on them. It would have been unthinkable for newspapers in 1948 to have speculated whether or not the Princess Elizabeth was pregnant; or for her to have been followed by a horde of reporters and photographers waiting for an indiscretion or an embarrassing or provocative picture.

The Palace itself, though, seems sometimes not to realise that times have changed. When the whole world's media was speculating over the Duchess of York's baby, the royal press office was sniffily making no comment. Even when *The Sun* exclusively and unequivocally announced the news of her pregnancy, the Palace sheltered behind the last refuge of the flustered spokesperson: "We can neither confirm or deny..."

No outsider knows why the Palace kept official silence for so long after everyone close to the Duchess already knew, but the incident, trivial in itself, was symptomatic of the tense and mutually suspicious relationship between Buckingham Palace and the British journalist. Janvrin inherited it and seems now a prisoner of it. He does not enjoy the irreverent attentions of

the popular press and he does not yet know how to deal with people like Harry Arnold, *The Sun*'s royal-watcher extraordinaire, or James Whitaker, his rival on the *Daily Mirror*, the man the Princess of Wales calls the Fat Tomato.

The feeling of professional antipathy is mutual. Janvrin is regarded by the "rat pack", the band of journalists that makes a living from the crumbs of royal trivia, as an amiable, ineffectual wet. From their vantage point, he and his colleagues in the press office are there for the specific purpose of denying the British public their right to be told every minute detail of the royals' movements, clothes, jokes, pet hates, moods, diets, opinions, habits, feelings and inner thoughts.

The problem is that Janvrin and the Palace's view of what is royal news is clearly at odds with the newspapers' demands. The Queen was distressed when the tabloid press—followed, it must be said, by many of the serious national papers—found growing signs of rift and incompatibility between the Prince of Wales and his young wife. The age and intellectual gap between the serious anguished Charlie, clearly going bonkers, and his young, empty-headed, fun-loving wife was threatening their marriage, the papers concluded. Why did they spend so little time together? Would there be divorce?

**'Nothing had prepared
him for the screaming hacks
beating down his door
demanding to know every intimate
detail of the royals' lives.
He was in shock for a while'**

Robin Janvrin was scarcely less appalled than the Queen herself at the press coverage, and at the questions which the Palace press office was being asked. "He hated every moment of that period. He found it absolutely horrid to be fielding questions about the Waleses' marriage. He thought the whole thing was in the worst possible taste, and impertinent," a friend says.

Even Janvrin's sympathisers agree that, professionally, he did not come out of the affair with much credit. "What was needed was a measure of damage limitation, and the Palace's press office was just incapable of it. It was true that Charles and Diana were spending a lot of time apart, but any smart press relations person would have found some plausible reason for it," says an experienced court correspondent who admires Janvrin. "He made a mess of it."

Inevitably and unfairly, Janvrin has been compared to his predecessor Michael Shea, who last year relinquished the prestige of being the monarch's mouthpiece for the undoubtedly greater monetary rewards of the financial world. Shea, too, had come to the Palace from the diplomatic service. But whereas he was an extrovert, slightly rakish figure, a part-time

thriller writer, at ease mixing and drinking with the boys and girls of the Press, Janvrin appears reserved and a little uncomfortable among media-folk. The tabloid hacks have not made it easy for him. Harry Arnold's now famous, arrogant remark when Janvrin was appointed summarises the essential conflict: "We have just broken Shea and now we have to start all over again."

"Robin was used to dealing with the polite world of international diplomacy, and the only journalists he came across were, like him, cultured and civilised people. Nothing had prepared him for the screaming hacks beating down his door demanding to know every intimate detail of the royals' lives," according to a friend who has studied the metamorphosis. "He was in shock for a while. It's better now."


The royal appointment marks Janvrin's second big career change. His first ambition was naval. The son of a now retired Vice-Admiral, the Marlborough-educated Janvrin (the name comes from the Channel Islands) joined the Navy in 1964 as a cadet, took his commission and went up to Brasenose College, Oxford, where he managed a first in politics, philosophy and economics. He returned to the Navy for six more years before switching to the diplomatic service in 1975.

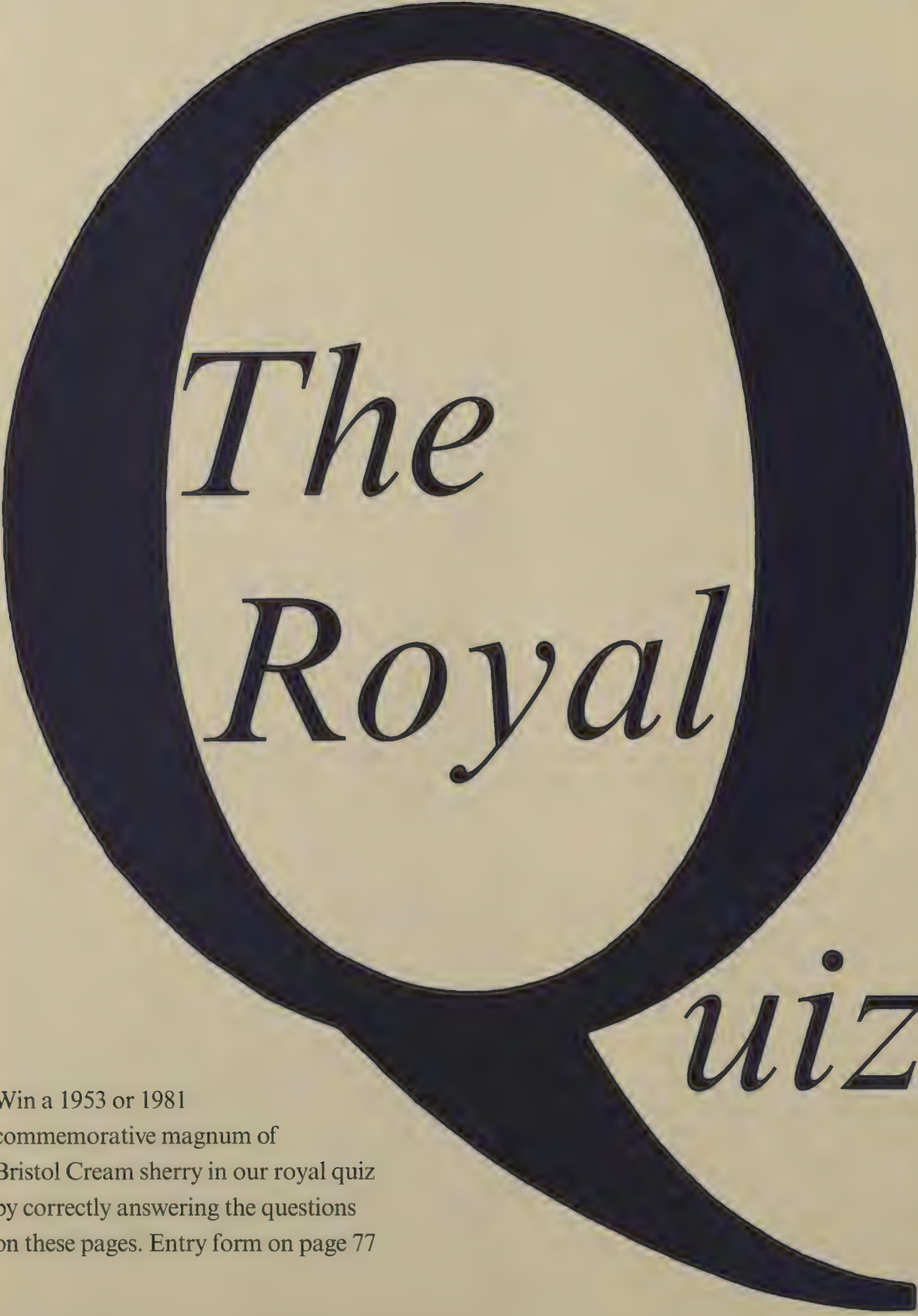
"I never knew him in his Navy days, but he seemed to me to be a born diplomat," a former colleague says. "The whole way of life suited him. He had charm and intelligence. He worked hard but also much enjoyed the socialising." Two years in Brussels with the United Kingdom delegation to NATO was followed by the posting to India, a country which he loved and which he was extremely sad to leave when he was promoted back to London to be the Foreign Office's deputy head of personnel.

"He was unusual among British diplomats in insisting on living outside the High Commission 'compound'. He wanted to get closer to India. He made a lot of friends and enjoyed the country very much. I think he probably has more in common with Indians in India than with the rat-pack hacks in London," says a friend from Delhi days.

There, he and his French wife Isabelle had a reputation for dispensing excellent and frequent hospitality, fine food and wines and a convivial atmosphere. "Isabelle is very bubbly and utterly unstuffy, and didn't take all those diplomatic trappings too seriously. They are a delightful couple with three delightful children," is the typical verdict.

His friends say that he is a little less ebullient now, a little more cautious. "The job has definitely had an effect on him," they agree. But those who know him well find the descriptions of him as a wimp who is out of his depth incredible and mischievous. "He's very much in control, very sharp and very competent. He may have had a bit of a jolt at first, but he doesn't flap, he doesn't panic and he's certainly not the type to crumble under pressure," an old colleague remarks.

He spent much of his first year floundering in the deep end into which he had been thrown; but he may still prove to be an inspired choice for an impossible job 



The

Royal

Quiz

Win a 1953 or 1981
commemorative magnum of
Bristol Cream sherry in our royal quiz
by correctly answering the questions
on these pages. Entry form on page 77

GREAT AND SMALL

1. What creature did Prince Charles accidentally tread on at Biopharm, Swansea?
2. Which national newspaper proprietor shares his name with one of the Queen's blue roan cocker spaniels?
3. What kind of reptile did the Princess of Wales touch at a farm in Darwin?
4. What kind of reptile made the Duchess of York weep and shake at the Greenwich Polo Club?
5. The Duchess of York said in Los Angeles that, apart from her husband, she had only one pet, who was 'in school learning to be obedient'. What breed was he?
6. *Cnoc Na Cuille* brought the Princess Royal her first win under National Hunt rules. Where?
7. What is the name of the Shetland pony upon which Prince Henry went for a ride on New Year's day?
8. The Queen's 'dorgis' are a cross between corgis and what?

ODDMENTS

1. To whom will two fat ladies be significant on August 4?
2. What injury left Captain Mark Phillips on crutches at Christmas?
3. Who was banned from driving for the second time in three months after doing 110 mph on the A1?
4. Where was it announced that Peter and Zara would go to school?
5. Which princess spent time in Holloway and Wakefield prisons?
6. Who got her licence after 40 hours?
7. Who joined the cygnets, swans and big swans?
8. Which royal residences were declared aerosol-free zones?
9. Whose computer mail system was hacked into by a whizz-kid who was fined £750?
10. An advertisement appeared for a successor to Anthony Blunt. In what capacity?

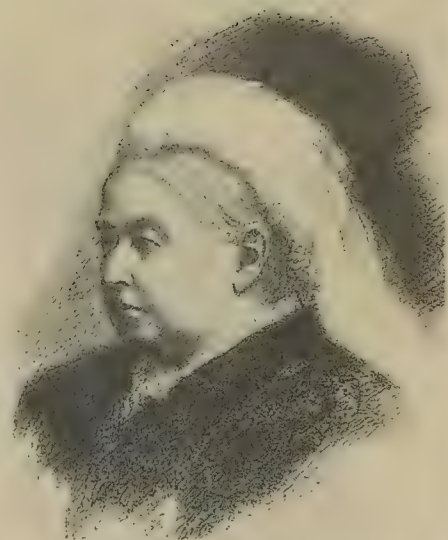
HUSH, HUSH

1. Who lost his BBC post before Christmas as a result of a "totally private" lunch?
2. 'I wish I had been Bob Geldof,' Prince Charles was quoted as saying after a lunch with Ron Neil of the BBC, Rupert Pennant-Rea of the *Economist*, Charles Wilson of *The Times*—and which other newspaper editor?
3. A nanny who died this year once vexed the royal family by writing sentimental "revelations" about her little charges. By what name was she best known?
4. The Queen had an unannounced health check-up in November. Where?



CONNECTIONS

1. A biography appeared this year of Queen Victoria's doctor. He is related to an editor of *Private Eye* and which living member of the royal family?
2. Which house connects the Leonard Cheshire Foundation and the Princess of Wales?
3. In a painting by Andre Durand, an Aids sufferer called Sunnye Sherman, St George and a member of the royal family are shown. Which one?
4. To what did the Princess Royal succeed Lord Luke, who stepped down at the age of 82?
5. Michael Joseph announced the planned publication of a book to be called *Kings and Courtesans*. Who would be the author?

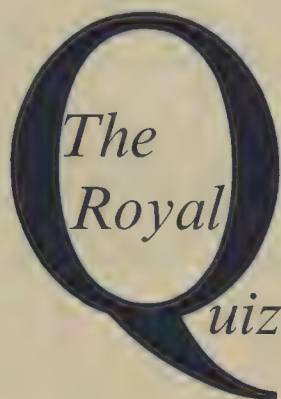


DISASTERS

1. Which royal couple paid a surprise visit to the victims of Enniskillen?
2. The Prince and Princess of Wales spent six hours together after 35 days apart, last autumn. What flooded town did they visit?
3. Who attended the memorial service at St Pancras Church for those who died in the King's Cross fire?
4. On which slope did Prince Charles lose a friend?



JIM BENNETT



NEWSPIX INTERNATIONAL

PERFORMANCES

1. At which pub in Tower Hamlets did the Queen Mother try a pint?
2. At which theatre did Prince Edward arrive clutching a box of teabags?
3. What haunting drama did the Duchess of York enjoy on Broadway?
4. What doubtful drama did the Duchess of York shed a tear for, at the Queen's Theatre?
5. Who was a goblin in The Special Little Christmas Tree?
6. Which performers gave Prince Charles an icy reception at the inauguration of Broadgate Square?
7. What piano piece did the Princess of Wales play in Melbourne?
8. Who saw the bare-breasted dancers of the Moulin Rouge?

SPEAKING OUT

1. "You don't flush, you just pull it up from underneath," the Duchess of York said. Where are these loos?

2. Who said, "I'm a real Pom," in temperatures of 102?

3. "We are in danger of losing another typically British and brilliantly simple aerospace concept to foreign interests," said Prince Charles. What was it?

4. "When it knocked down our buildings it didn't replace them with anything more offensive than rubble," said who of what?

5. Who said: "Why do they get at nurses?"

6. Who learnt of a hospital ward closure "with much distress"?

7. Who did Prince Charles say was doing "too little, too late" about acid rain?

8. Who said: "We believe that the forward defence of the Federal Republic is the forward defence of Europe, the forward defence of the United Kingdom."

9. The Queen warned Lieutenant-Colonel Sitiveni Rabuka that her Governor-General in Fiji was the sole legitimate authority. Who was he?



NEWSPIX INTERNATIONAL

ENTRY FORM

GREAT AND SMALL

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ODDMENTS

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HUSH, HUSH

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SPEAKING OUT

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County _____ Postcode _____

John Harvey & Sons of Bristol have continuously held the Royal Warrant as wine merchants to the monarch since the reign of Queen Victoria. They have bottled commemorative magnums of Bristol Cream to mark famous royal occasions such as Queen Elizabeth's coronation in 1953 and the wedding of the Prince of Wales in 1981. These specially designed magnums are presented to the royal household and are not for sale. There will however be five magnums available for the senders of the first five correct entry forms to reach The Illustrated London News, Laurence House, 91-93 Southwark Street, London SE1 0HX. The Editor's decision will be final.





HOBBY HORSES

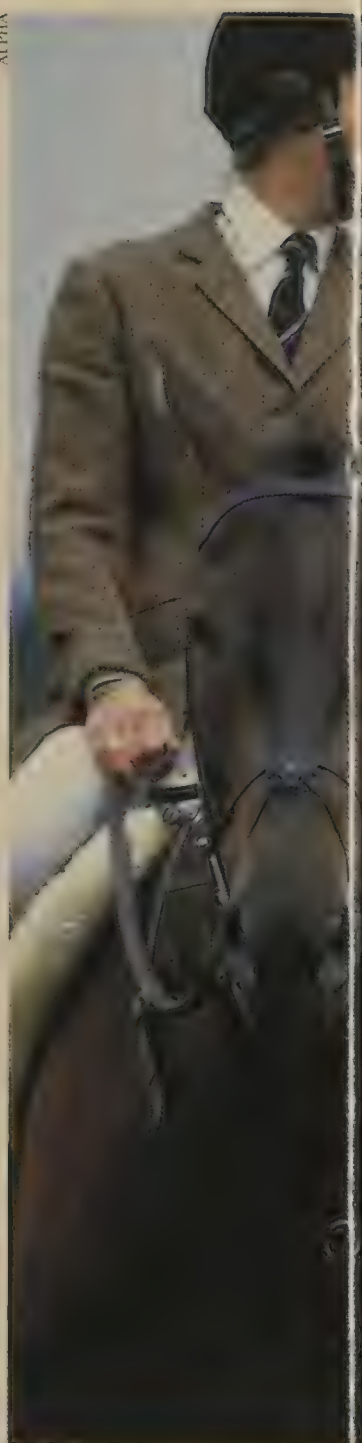
The enthusiasm of the Queen, the Queen Mother and the Princess Royal for the turf surpasses that of all their predecessors, and has ushered in a golden age of royal racing. JOHN OAKSEY looks at this unique involvement with horses, which all began with a dinner and a steeplechaser called *Monaveen*



ALL-SPORT

The experts check their racing cards at the 1987 Derby meeting at Epsom. The Queen has never had a horse come as close to winning a Derby as in her Coronation year, when *Aureole* was just beaten; nor have the last few seasons been particularly successful.

TIM GRAHAM



Top: The Duchess of York at the 1988 Royal Windsor Horse Show.

Above: The Queen and President Reagan match mounts at Windsor Castle. Above right: The Queen Mother at Cheltenham.

Centre right: The Princess Royal at the Royal Ascot Fun Day. Far right: The Queen with one of Prince Philip's carriage horses.

The British royal family's connection with racing is very nearly as old as the sport itself. James I, whose real love was hunting, made Newmarket the sporting centre of his life and Charles II, who rode in races on the Rowley Mile (named after his favourite hack), used to bring the whole Court there, complete with Nell Gwyn. A race for high-class fillies is still named in her honour.

When the House of Hanover replaced the Stuarts, the royal links with racing were still maintained. The great racehorse *Eclipse*, who was never even stretched, let alone beaten, in 18 races, was bred at a royal stud, probably in Windsor Great Park, by George II's son, the Duke of Cumberland. And King Edward VII, the most successful racing monarch so far, won three Derbys, a Grand National and, with *Diamond Jubilee*, the Triple Crown of Two Thousand Guineas, Derby and St Leger.

But in this long and sometimes fairly chequered history, there has never been a

moment to match the scene at Ascot on Saturday July 25, 1987, when, on their own racecourse, the Queen and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother welcomed the Princess Royal into the winner's enclosure after she had won the Dresden Diamond Stakes on *Ten No Trumps*.

In different but related ways, these three ladies personify an involvement in and enthusiasm for British racing which surpasses that of all their royal predecessors.

The Queen's love of racing started early. When she was a girl the custom was for her father King George VI to lease horses bred at the National Stud for their racing careers. In 1939 the stud produced not only *Big Game*, winner, three years later, of the Two Thousand Guineas, but also *Sun Chariot*, a wayward, brilliant filly for whom neither *Big Game* nor any other colt of that time was a match. *Sun Chariot* was only ever beaten once and, in 1942, she won the fillies' Triple Crown of One Thousand Guineas, Oaks and St Leger.

Princess Elizabeth was a fascinated witness of all these triumphs whenever the Second World War permitted. *Big Game* and *Sun Chariot* were trained at Beckhampton by that great martinet Fred Darling and it was there that the Princess, already a keen rider herself, began to acquire the understanding of feeding and stable management which remains, with breeding, her greatest special interest in the field of horse racing.

It was also at Beckhampton that Princess Elizabeth first met Lord Porchester. Not many young men of her circle took much interest in racing, but Lord Porchester already had horses with Fred Darling and the two became lifelong friends. It was on the basis of that friendship, in 1968, that the Queen asked Henry Porchester to chair a committee of inquiry into her growing racing interests. The Committee's report suggested that she needed both a racing and a breeding manager and Lord Porchester, now the Earl of Carnarvon, has managed the royal horses ever since, with Michael Oswald now in charge of the royal studs. Although the Queen

has never again come as close to winning a Derby as she did in her Coronation year—when *Aureole* was just beaten by Sir Gordon Richards (whom she had just knighted!) on *Pinza*—her interest and involvement in racing and breeding has steadily widened. It is currently her greatest and most enduring hobby—if a business worth several million pounds can justify that description.

The Queen now has three studs, two at Sandringham and one, for yearlings, at Polhampton, and three trainers, one of whose stables, Dick Hern's West Ilsley, she bought seven years ago and owns herself, together with a long lease on the nearby gallops. The other two are Ian Balding at Kingsclere and William Hastings Bass, whose father trained for the Queen before him, at Newmarket. The regrettable prevalence of virus epidemics make it highly undesirable for any owners to have all his or her eggs in the same geographical basket.

Divided between these three stables, the Queen has about 30 horses in training and a

production line consisting of between 25 and 30 brood mares.

The mobilisation and provision of this considerable squadron begins each spring when Lord Carnarvon draws up, more than a year in advance, a suggested list of matings for the royal mares. The Queen, whose knowledge of the Stud Book is deep and extensive, examines and discusses that list with Michael Oswald, whose far-from-easy job it then becomes to get nominations to the chosen stallions.

The Queen no longer sends mares to Ireland but she has paid several highly enjoyable visits to Kentucky and two studs there now board the mares she sends to be covered by stallions based in the United States. Most of the mothers bring back their foals to Sandringham, and, after weaning, they spend a year in the nourishing chalk-based paddocks of Polhampton. The yearlings are broken in at Highclere, Lord Carnarvon's stud, and then, when they go into training, the Queen pays regular visits to see them work as often as her schedule will

The Prince of Wales has never had a great deal of luck on the track, and since the death in 1980 of his trusted *Allibar*, he prefers to play polo.

allow. A major sadness in the past year has been the grievous injury suffered by her principal trainer Dick Hern who is still paralysed after a hunting accident.

The last few seasons have not, in fact, been a particularly golden period for the royal horses—with the Queen's mares until this season producing a very high proportion of fillies. But Major Hern has great hopes of *Highbrow*, a filly by *Shirley Heights* who, with *Bustino*, stands at Sandringham. *Highbrow* has recently suffered a slight setback but she won well last year and seems to have inherited the talent of her dam *Highclere*, one of the two best horses the Queen has bred.

Both those two were fillies and although *Dunfermline* won the Oaks and St Leger in Jubilee year it was *Highclere* who gave her owner the biggest thrill of all by winning the *Prix de Diane* (French Oaks) at Chantilly. No one who was there will ever forget the uproarious delight which greeted the Queen and her filly.

When both were finally extricated from the hysterical crowd, the happy owner suddenly thought how nice it would be to celebrate *Highclere's* victory that night. Urgent radio messages were sent from her plane to invite Dick Hern and Joe Mercer with their wives to Windsor Castle. "The party," says Joe, "was even more fun than the race."

Edward VII won the 1900 Grand National with a horse called *Ambush*, Edward VIII rode in a few point-to-points while he was Prince of Wales and his brother, the Duke of Gloucester, actually won a "bona fide hunt steeplechase". But that, until the second half of this century, was the extent of the royal family's connection with National Hunt Racing. The new golden age of royal racing started when the present Queen and the Queen Mother bought their first jointly owned racehorse, a steeplechaser called *Monaveen*.

At a dinner in Windsor Castle during Royal Ascot week 1949, the Queen Mother, then Queen, found herself sitting next to Lord Mildmay, the leading amateur rider of the day. Mildmay waxed lyrical about the thrills of jumping and by the end of dinner had persuaded the Queen that she and her daughter should have a steeplechaser in training at Fairlawne in Kent with his great friend Peter Cazalet. *Monaveen* was bought jointly but ran in Princess Elizabeth's name.

Until Peter Cazalet's death in 1973, the Queen Mother had almost all her horses at Fairlawne, where both house and stableyard were run on old-fashioned lines. She loved her stays there, entertained in the mornings by men like Cazalet's dour northern head lad Jim Fairgrieve and, in the evenings, after days spent watching her horses at Lingfield or Kempton, by the witty company her trainer invited to his house. She quickly became a wholehearted



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Above: Horses take second place to hats for a moment at the 1987 Derby.

Above right: Prince Philip drives his carriage.

Right: Prince Edward jumps at the 1987 Ascot Fun Day.

Far right: Relaxing at this year's Royal Windsor Horse Show.

steeplechasing enthusiast, and the sport's best-loved patron.

Through the 50s and 60s, building up to a string of 20 or more chasers and hurdlers, the Queen Mother learnt all about both sides of the two-faced demon which governs jumping. In his very first season, *Monaveen* won the Queen Elizabeth Chase but exactly 12 months later he was killed by a fall in the same race, just after running well in the Grand National.

It was six years later that the Queen Mother had her most famous and still least explainable misfortune. *Devon Loch* collapsed 50 yards from the winning post at the 1956 Grand National. To this day, no-one knows what caused that extraordinary, ungainly sprawl but Dick Francis, who rode *Devon Loch*, is convinced that the sheer volume of cheers was to blame. *Devon Loch* had run a superb race and seemed about to become the most popular National winner of all time, and the noise from the crowd was tremendous. Dick believes the horse could have pricked his ears suddenly as he

passed the water jump and it is just possible that the shock-wave of sound caused a temporary seizure. In any case, if it had not happened, Dick Francis would probably never have been asked to write his autobiography and might never have realised he could write! The world would then have been deprived of 23 consecutive best sellers.

After Peter Cazalet's death, the Queen Mother transferred her now slightly smaller string to Fulke Walwyn, perhaps the best trainer of steeplechasers there has ever been and, with Fred Winter, one of the only two men alive who have both ridden and trained a winner of the Grand National.

At Lambourn, as at Fairlawne, the Queen takes a keen interest in every aspect of her horses' lives. Many of them are bred at Sandringham and since jumpers often last longer than flat-race horses, they become old, familiar friends.

Special Cargo, for instance, had undergone two separate operations on his legs and spent



one whole year resting at Sandringham before he won the Queen her biggest and most thrilling steeplechasing victory in the 1984 Whitbread Gold Cup. With four horses in it at the last fence and *Special Cargo* the least likely winner of them all until the last few strides, this remains the most exciting, and, in the end, most satisfying race I have ever seen.

The Queen Mother has long been a keen and deeply interested patron of the Injured Jockeys' Fund so she knows, too well, the risks and injuries which are inescapable hazards of riding horses at speed. But she also admires the men and women who race and I would like to bet that neither the Prince of Wales nor the Princess Royal got many words of grandmotherly discouragement when they started riding as amateur jockeys.

The Prince of Wales sadly never had much luck when race-riding. He had the misfortune to lose a horse he knew and trusted—*Allibar*, who died on the eve of a race in 1980—and, not surprisingly, failed to get on with what was a

rather unsuitable replacement. He is now seeking his sporting thrills out hunting and on the polo field.


Prince Charles would be the first to agree that his sister's riding skills far outstrip his own. By April 1985, when the Princess Royal was invited to ride in a charity flat-race round Epsom, she was already a top class Three Day Event rider, European Champion, and acknowledged as a competitor of international standard.

She started her racing career with first-rate specialist advice. From that first race, or rather from six weeks before it, the Princess has been riding out whenever possible with David "The Duke" Nicholson's stable in the Cotswolds. The Duke got his name because he looks, and just occasionally, behaves like a toff, but he has also been a first-rate jockey. Perhaps even more to the point, his father, "Frenchie", was one of the most successful teachers of jockeyship there has ever been—producer, among many others, of Pat Eddery.

Well, no one suggests that the Princess Royal

is another Pat Eddery. But she has ridden winners both on the flat (at Redcar and Ascot) and over fences on the slow but reliable *Cnoc Na Cuille*. Now, thanks to the generosity of an imaginative sponsor, she has the chance to ride a jumper (*General Joy*) who can actually go fast enough to keep himself warm.

For any 38-year-old mother of two her short race-riding career would represent a remarkable sporting achievement. For a woman with the Princess Royal's worldwide responsibilities it represents a miracle of hard work and self-discipline. With a chock-full list of engagements around the world she cannot spare much time for racing and has to plan each ride weeks ahead. Best of all, all the evidence suggests that she thoroughly enjoys racing, whether she wins or loses.

That is the nicest thing about the involvement in racing of all these three royal ladies. They do it because they love it, not out of duty. British racing can be proud of that—and long may they continue 

Last November the Duke and Duchess of York were granted planning permission to build a 16-room house at Sunninghill Park near Ascot. The first major royal home to be built since Sandringham will not be finished until the end of next year.
TIMOTHY O'SULLIVAN
lays the foundations . . .

With the royal family apparently set to proliferate to Victorian proportions by the turn of the century, there is a royal housing shortage. In London, the traditional royal *laager* at Kensington Palace is already full. Outside London, the Queen provided the Princess Royal and Captain Mark Phillips with Gatcombe Park in Gloucestershire as any mother might, given the means. The last Earl Stanhope very much hoped that the Prince of Wales would live in his house, Chevening, but Kent was an unknown and inconvenient county to the Prince and he was able to house himself suitably at Highgrove out of his revenues from the Duchy of Cornwall. Nearby, Prince and Princess Michael of Kent battle persuasively with the restoration of Nether Lypiatt Manor. The Duke and Duchess of York, however, have been given the chance to

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is going to build
a house in the
most exotic and
unashamedly rich
area of England,
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The proposed plan of Sunninghill Park by Edinburgh architects Law & Dunbar-Nasmith. The style is reminiscent of the turn-of-the-century gabled houses built by Norman Shaw for the Home Counties new rich. The Duke and Duchess of York will have a golden opportunity to make a garden on the eight-and-a-half acres of land

build their own. This new house will be the first major domestic building for a member of the royal family since King Edward VII rebuilt Sandringham after his marriage in 1863.

The Duke of York is not a man of particularly ample means from any discernible source. His Civil List allowance of £86,500 a year may be more than adequate to run the present embryonic household of an equerry and two ladies-in-waiting but will be stretched as the roles of his wife and himself in the business of modern monarchy grow. As a lieutenant in the Royal Navy (albeit one with a better than average chance of reaching Admiral of the Fleet on full pay of £85,250 a year) he might get a mortgage sufficient to buy a two-bedroomed flat in Sunningdale. But he is going to build an appropriate house in what has become the most exotic and unashamedly rich area of England, where land with outline planning consent costs from about £800,000 an acre. The Yorks have eight-and-a-half of these acres, bought by the Queen on a 125-year lease from the Crown Estate Commissioners.

Windsor Great Park and Windsor Forest, the 5,000 or so acres between the Castle and one of the oldest royal pleasure grounds, Ascot racecourse, brought in from the wild by an 18th century Duke of Cumberland (the “butcher” of Culloden fame), have long been thick with royalties and their dependants. From the days of George III in particular, solicitous monarchs used the numerous houses in and around the Park as homes for such of their relations who, whether because of age or youth, needed a discreet eye kept upon them.

In the 20 years after the war, when the adult royal family was very limited, a lot of these houses were lived in by courtiers or distinguished generals, many of them one and the same. The Queen herself was given Sunninghill Park, on whose site the Duke and Duchess of York’s house will be built, by her father as an engagement present; but that house, an unpretentious 18th-century building embellished by James Wyatt at the beginning of the 19th century, was destroyed by fire in August, 1947, before she had married and could move into it.


By the mid-1960s these houses had become far too grand for the traditional courtly class and their successors have tended to be persons of a rather different type: Ringo Starr, Rod Stewart, and Elton John (who bought his house from a retired Garter King of Arms), a few Arabs (though the main Arab quarter is at nearby Windlesham), a fair mixture of the faceless mega-rich, and the King of Jordan and the ex-King of Greece—all to whom seclusion is a rare pleasure and absolute security a necessity. Helicopters coming and going are too commonplace to startle the natives, although the wife of the commanding officer of the SAS who used to live in the area complained that his daily downdraughts defeated her efforts to make a shrubbery.

Sunninghill Park is secure and secluded in the best and simplest sense because one would hardly know it was there. Just off a minor road on the borders of Berkshire and Surrey there is the beginning of a high and somewhat dilapidated brick wall which encompasses the

whole of the site. A little further on is a small stagnant lake on which Princess Margaret is said to have practised water-skiing. It is an undistinguished landscape with, especially since the hurricane of October, 1987, a touch of Aldershot in its baldness.

The Duke and Duchess’s nearest neighbour, Mrs Mary Ballin, of Cherry Orchard (who is coincidentally chairman of the local planning committee) could foresee little objection to the erection of a 16-room house on the site, and planning consent was duly granted in November, 1987. It says much about the quality of the building, which cannot cost less than £3 million, that it will not be finished until the autumn of 1989.

Sir John Betjeman used to call Surrey “a county with no peasants.” Surrey and East Berkshire have no vernacular architecture either and there is thus nothing on the ground to inform the Duke and Duchess in the choice of style for their house. If they had consulted the Prince of Wales about the *genius loci*, he might have pointed to the plantations of conifers nearby and suggested a Balmoralian villa; or to the various lodges and follies in the Park by Sir Jeffry Wyattville and recommended a piece of Gothic, perhaps in the perfectionist hands of the architect Quinlan Terry, whose discerning patrons include Michael Heseltine, the Hambro family, and indeed the Crown Estate Commissioners. The chosen architects, the Edinburgh partnership of Law & Dunbar-Nasmith, came to the Yorks through a chain of commissions from such Scottish grandees as the Hamiltons, the Buccleuchs and the Strathmores and, no doubt clinchingly, the new police barracks at Balmoral and work for the Queen Mother at Birkhall. The heavily gabled appearance of the proposed Sunninghill Park is reminiscent of the work of Norman Shaw, who was particularly busy in the Home Counties around the turn of the century building houses for the newly rich.

Whatever the size and location of the house it cannot be just a jacuzzi-palace as might be coveted by the Duke and Duchess’s contemporaries among the “yuppies”. It will be very much a “royal” house and life within it redolent of a different age. The younger members of the royal family must be the only people of their generation to have been brought up in houses with a full hierarchy of servants. Apart from nannies, who are always easy to find, their neighbours in Sunninghill rely on dailies, with occasional visitations from specialist contractors, for domestic work. Within Sunninghill Park there will emerge at least the skeleton of a formal domestic household, drawn from the small but seemingly bottomless supply of people who succumb sufficiently to the magic of royalty to serve devotedly (underlined by a written undertaking never to tell, let alone profit from, their reminiscences) for very basic terms, helped out on great occasions by teams of what appear to be moonlighting servicemen. As the Queen relaxes into matriarchy, the house must have a future as the seat of an alternative court, quite different in style and flavour from Highgrove and the serious business of being heir apparent 

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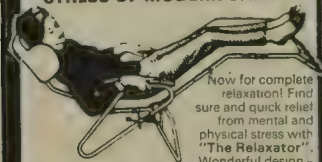
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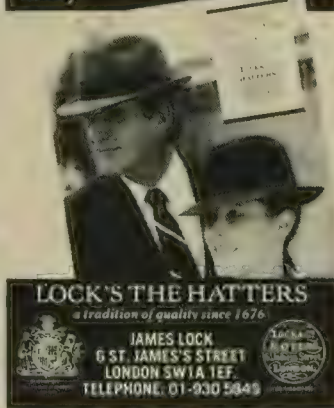
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Winston Churchill was an ardent monarchist. For him the oath of allegiance was no mere formality. Just before his retirement as Prime Minister, the recently crowned Queen Elizabeth II went to dine with him in Downing Street. He was then the most revered figure in the western world and she a mere slip of a girl. Yet greeting her, the great statesman, in spite of his age, went down on one knee. I rather doubt whether the present Conservative Prime Minister feels comparably reverential in the presence of her sovereign.

This is nothing to do with Mrs Thatcher having republican sympathies or not getting on with the Queen personally. It is to do with the fact that Thatcherite Tory politicians are far less historically-minded than their predecessors; far less emotionally-inspired by the colourful story of Britain's past, in which kings and queens play such starring roles. I am sure that Mrs Thatcher is in theory as much of a monarchist as was Churchill. But with her it is in the head, not the heart.

Nor can one altogether ignore the fact that the whole idea of monarchy fits less easily into Mrs Thatcher's ideal of Britain than it did into Churchill's. The Conservative Party in Churchill's day was still decidedly paternalist, and the idea of the king as father of his people caught this attitude to perfection. Also the idea

of monarchy caught beautifully the old-fashioned Tory emphasis on continuity. But Thatcherism is about change, not continuity; about people standing on their own two feet rather than looking to a father figure for protection. Eventually, if Mrs Thatcher succeeds with her social revolution, Britain will be made up of millions of self-sufficient, independent entrepreneurs all busy thinking up new ways to make money. Consequently, with the best will in the world, it is difficult to see how a nation of thrusting independent entrepreneurs is going to feel the need for a protective father figure, or for a symbol of continuity, as much as did the pre-Thatcherite British of yesteryear.

It could be argued, of course, that the more Thatcherism succeeds, the more important a role there will be for the monarchy: as a rock of continuity in a sea of change, as a defender of the weak at a time when their cause will not have many powerful political champions. Down that path, however, constitutional danger lies, since the monarchy, in a democracy, cannot afford to become the focus of what would almost amount to an adversary set of values. Standing up for the poor and the weak may be something which comes naturally to a monarchy rooted in feudal values. But it is not a role likely to endear itself to the Thatcherite political class, as the Church of England has



There is a marked distance between the Queen and Mrs Thatcher (left). Winston Churchill and his wife, however, welcomed the young monarch to number 10 with due reverence in April, 1955

‘Thatcherite
meritocracy may
threaten monarchical
foundations much
more fundamentally
than socialist
egalitarianism
ever did’

Below: The Mountbatten memorial
service 1983

Right: There can be no competition
between the country's top women.
The gaudy Grantham girl turns
green next to the Queen's natural
classic elegance



also found to its cost. The Church of England is accused of being Marxist for its pains and although no Tory would go so far as levelling that accusation against the Queen, quite a few, in private, admit to discerning alarming signs of rising dampness in Buckingham Palace.

Which brings us to the crux of the problem: that socialism, or at any rate Labourism, provided a more sympathetic climate for the monarchy to flourish in than does Thatcherism today. Not in theory, of course. In theory, socialism wants to destroy all vestiges of feudalism, not least the monarchy. But in practice, the British monarchy found itself seeing eye to eye with British socialism much more than either had expected. This was less because so many British socialists are snobs than because Welfare State socialism turned out to be little more than paternalism by another name.

To be head of a Welfare State reminded the monarch of old times and even nationalisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange seemed more like putting the clock back than forward: back to the good old days when the Crown owned most of England. At least the ethos of the Welfare State was one with which the monarchy could identify and, more important, be identified with. The purpose of the Welfare State was meant to be egalitarian. But in so far as it promoted a sense of dependence on the state, it served, in effect, to reinforce, rather than undermine, precisely those feelings of gratitude and subservience from which the institution of monarchy draws much of its strength.

So it is really not at all surprising that the monarchy took to post-war socialism like a duck to water and when George VI, in a King's Speech to a Labour-dominated Parliament soon after the war, was made once to refer to "my national health service" the personal pronoun had an unusually authentic ring to it. (The protest in March by George VI's widow, the Queen Mother, about the closure of a Welsh hospital ward was very much a throwback to that tradition.) It was possible for the King, as head of state, to associate himself with the National Health Service and the National Education System, not explicitly and formally—as is the case with the National Armed Services—but implicitly and informally. That, at any rate, was very much the impression given. Without constitutionally putting a foot wrong or doing or saying anything to which the Conservative Opposition could take exception, the monarchy put itself on the side of the post-war social revolution.

So far it has done nothing comparable to put itself on the side of the Thatcherite social revolution, in spite of the fact that this revolution has now been under way for nearly a decade. Nor, for the reasons given above, is this all that surprising. For it genuinely is difficult for the monarchy to find ways of endorsing policies which do seem to be hurting the poor and the weak. Traditional royal rhetoric, rooted in the values of *noblesse oblige* in the ideals of one-nation conservatism, inevitably do sound anti-Thatcherite.

Nor can one altogether overlook the fact that there is an anti-monarchist element in Thatcherism. Lord Young, one of the Prime

Minister's closest Cabinet colleagues, recently proclaimed that wealth creation was this Government's principal aim. If that is so, the question which has to be asked is whether the monarchy, on balance, is an asset or a liability. On the credit side are the uses to which all the various members of the royal family can be put in the business of opening trade fairs, export drives, etc. But on the debit side there is the role of the royal family in buttressing the old aristocratic order, rooted in the land, which has little place for commerce and industry. Mrs Thatcher sees no point in inherited wealth. She admires new money, self-made millionaires. So far as she is concerned aristocracy is out and meritocracy in. Colonial adventurers, like Rupert Murdoch, are the heroes who stir her blood and the great historic names of old, like Lord Salisbury, ring no bells whatsoever.

But the royal family itself is one of those great historic families, indeed the greatest, and it is difficult to see how it can for ever escape being dismissed as irrelevant along with all the others. For a time the utilitarian side of the monarchy—its foreign-currency earning capacity, for example—will suffice to give it a place in Thatcherite Britain. After all, as institutions go, it probably is cost effective. But if ever the institution of monarchy had to be defended primarily on utilitarian grounds, then it really would be in danger. That point certainly has not been reached yet, and it is still a long way off. But looking to the future, Thatcherite meritocracy may well threaten the monarchical foundations more fundamentally than socialist egalitarianism ever did.

But is not the monarchy enormously popular and becoming more so with every passing year? Indeed it is. But here again I do not find the prospect altogether reassuring, since in some respects that popularity is of an unhealthy kind. Here one must distinguish between the Queen herself and her growing family. The Queen, it seems to me, is still popular in a way appropriate to monarchy. Nobody dares take liberties with the Queen. The public loves her but keeps its distance. It is a love mixed with awe. Compared to her predecessors on the throne she is seen much more by the public. But in her case familiarity most decidedly has not bred contempt. The magic of monarchy is still as potent as ever it was.

But the popularity of other members of the royal family is somewhat less appropriate to monarchy containing, as it increasingly does, quite a lot of the same ingredients as pertain to show business celebrities. Fergie and Di are undoubtedly tremendous draws. The public loves to watch them on the television and to read about every detail of their lives in the tabloid Press. But then the public loves to do the same for soap-opera stars. What is the harm of that? Not so much harm, perhaps, as risk. Show business popularity can be cruelly ephemeral. One year a star is top of the pops; the next forgotten, all depending on some change in the public mood. The public feels no obligation of loyalty to "show business" personalities whom it, the public, makes or breaks at whim. Actors and actresses are as popular as their last performance, and can expect no pity once they cease to give pleasure. To talk about owing allegiance to a show business personality would




be absurd. They are the public's creatures, to be loved or hated according to taste.

Manifestly that is not what members of the royal family ought to be. Yet there are signs that it is what they might become if the tabloid Press at any rate has its way. The furore last summer about the supposed rift in the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales was most disagreeably revealing in this respect. The Prince was accused of behaving in a most unhusbandly and unfatherly way because he went off on his own for six weeks, leaving wife and children at home—not by any means an unusual thing to do in upper-class families. According to the tabloid Press, however, it was conduct unbecoming and he was urged, nay ordered by the leader writers, to return home forthwith, or risk losing popular favour. “You had better conform to what is deemed normal behaviour by Mr and Mrs Average Britain”, went the message, “or else.” Nor was the Princess of Wales herself spared similar impertinences. On one walkabout during this period a member of the public went up to her and asked directly about the state of her marriage, which is surely something even a close and intimate friend would hesitate to do.

We on this side of the Atlantic used to look with amazement at the liberties taken by the American media with their first family. How, we asked, did the dignity of the Presidential office survive such treatment? Today that same question has to be asked about the dignity of our first family. Not about the dignity of the Queen herself, since her person is still sacrosanct. But the same cannot possibly be said about the person of the Prince of Wales and even less so about all the other members of the royal family. The Prince of Wales, it has to be said, copes with the media marvellously well. But it would be foolish not to recognise that his very success in refusing to be trivialised carries dangers for a future constitutional monarch. For anyone who can survive ordeal by television day-in-day-out over many decades acquires a kind of authority that has nothing to do with the magic of constitutional monarchy but quite a lot to do—too much for constitutional comfort—with what it takes to wield real power.

Here we come to an important new development. The only way for the Prince of Wales to avoid being trivialised by the media is to do and say things which slowly but surely help to build him up into a major figure in the land; a leading personality whose voice carries real weight. This process is still in its early stages, and I do not think we have yet begun to get the full measure of the man. But if the personality continues to grow at the present rate, by the time he comes to the throne Britain will have as monarch somebody who does not fit at all comfortably into the traditional constitutional mould. He might even become a kind of royal opposition, to fill the gap caused by the collapse of any possible Parliamentary Opposition.

Mrs Thatcher once claimed to have changed “everything” in this country. At the time nobody thought for a moment that the Crown would ever be included in that “everything”. The next few years could well show that we were wrong 

Private income – Public purse

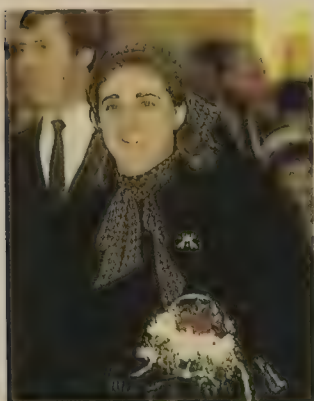
THEY'RE CHANGING GUARD AT

BUCKINGHAM PALACE – BUT WHO WILL PICK UP THE

BILL? ALAN HAMILTON UNRAVELS THE ROYAL MONEY WEB



Travelling expenses move into a new dimension when applied to royal tours. From right: The staff of the Prince and Princess of Wales cram into an airport bus during a trip to Vienna, including the Princess's hairdresser. Royal bodyguards Inspector Graham Smith and Inspector Tony Parker on duty in Australia. Valet Ken Stronach pins medals to Prince Charles's No. 1 Naval uniform. Below, from top: Corgi return from Balmoral. Anne Beckwith-Smith, lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Wales. The Princess's bodyguard Alan Peters. Butler Harold Brown preparing the Wales's breakfast in Government House, Melbourne. All photography: Tim Graham.



A recent magazine survey of the exceedingly rich named Queen Elizabeth II as the sixth wealthiest person in the world. Her assumed fortune of £3,340 million left her a ragged pauper by comparison with the Sultan of Brunei and his £14 billion, or King Fahd of Saudi Arabia with an estimated £11 billion under his mattress. But it was still more than enough to put her comfortably ahead of any of her own subjects.

Or was it? It all depends on how the sums are done. Whichever way, the result can at best be only an educated guess. On the size and worth of her personal assets, few Britons can come remotely near; but on visible annual income she is probably beaten by several of her more entrepreneurial subjects like Ralph Halpern and Robert Maxwell.

Those who try to calculate the Queen's bank balance should first of all ignore such items as the Crown Jewels, the real-estate value of Buckingham Palace, or the magnificent royal picture collections at Windsor; by any reasonable argument, these belong to the nation.

But they could well include her huge and priceless collection of personal jewellery, handed down through several generations of Windsors. They could include her grandfather's stamp collection, the finest assemblage of British and Commonwealth issues in existence. And they could certainly include her two private homes of Sandringham and Balmoral, both bought by Queen Victoria out of her personal assets; they last changed hands in 1936, when the abdicating Edward VIII sold them to his brother King George VI for £1 million, a tidy sum at the time and enough to ensure that the Windsors' long exile was not without comfort.

The Queen's annual income, however, is another matter altogether, and the first thing to realise is that she does not actually get paid for the job she does. Until 1971 the annual Civil List voted by Parliament for the royal family's use contained a sum of £66,000 which was the Queen's salary for a year's reigning (foreign travel, generous holidays, house and car supplied), but no longer.

Today the Civil List, instituted as an allowance for George III in 1760 when he surrendered to Parliament his income from Crown lands, is strictly a repayment of the royal family's working expenses, and the Queen herself cannot buy so much as a pair of stockings out of it.

The Civil List is index-linked to inflation, and this year went up by 4% to £5.9 million, of which the Queen herself got the lion's share of £4.5 million. Three quarters of the Civil List goes on the salaries of the 350 staff of the Royal Household, from the Queen's private secretary down to the humblest footman. Next biggest

item is the domestic expense of running Buckingham Palace, mainly for official entertaining; in a typical year it takes £150,000 to run the royal kitchens, another £150,000 to stage the Queen's garden parties, £37,000 to stock the royal wine cellars, and £32,000 to launder the linen.

Running the office at Buckingham Palace is the next item, estimated this year at £256,000, followed by £217,000 for the Royal Mews, with its fleet of official Rolls-Royces and other cars, and its splendid collection of ceremonial coaches which need constant and highly skilled maintenance. Down at the bottom of the accounts are the smaller items, like £35,000 for official presents when the Queen pays an official visit abroad, and £13,000 for the cups and prizes she is constantly called upon to donate.

But the Civil List is only a fraction of the true cost of the monarchy, which this year will total some £50 million. The Department of the Environment will spend over £14 million on the rates and maintenance of the palaces, including £2 million to modernise the antiquated heating and wiring of Windsor Castle.

The Foreign Office will chip in an estimated £450,000 as a contribution to official royal visits abroad, British Rail will spend £853,000 on the royal train, and the Central Office of Information will provide £253,000 worth of press and publicity services. But by far the biggest contributor is the Ministry of Defence: £6 million to operate the aircraft of the Queen's Flight, £5.5 million to keep the Royal Yacht *Britannia* afloat, and an exceptional item of £9 million budgeted this year for that elegant but expensive vessel's most recent refit.

Quite apart from her expenses paid by the taxpayer, the Queen does have a regular income of her own, with which she can in theory do as she pleases, and as befits the pinnacle of the English aristocratic landowning class, it is income from land. When George III surrendered the Crown lands 16 years before surrendering his American colonies, he in fact clung on to two large estates, one for the sovereign and one for the Prince of Wales.

Today the Queen is still the recipient of the profits from the estates of the Duchy of Lancaster, 52,000 acres spread in pockets across the country—very little of it nowadays in Lancashire—and encompassing not only some prime English farmland but a swathe of diamond-studded real estate in the Strand in London which includes the Savoy and Strand Palace hotels, and some of the prime shopping streets in the Piccadilly Circus area.

Last year the Duchy handed over to the Queen a tax-free income of £1.9 million, but she had to use some of that to eke out her working



expenses. It furnished, for an undisclosed sum, her extensive wardrobe; some of it went to help fund pensions for her retired staff, and £386,000 went straight to the Treasury to refund the Civil List allowances of the three most junior members who receive them, and for whom the Government does not pay: the Dukes of Gloucester and Kent, and Princess Alexandra.

Some of the Queen's Duchy income is also used to help pay for the upkeep of her private homes at Sandringham and Balmoral. Both are run as working estates; Sandringham has a flourishing commercial farm specialising in soft fruits, and is a major supplier for Britain's best-known brand of blackcurrant drink, while Balmoral generates some income from sporting rights but not enough to run the place at a profit. The entrance money collected from the 200,000 visitors who annually pay to see the Sandringham grounds is split between the upkeep of the gardens and donations to charity.

Having shelled out for all that, the Queen can keep the rest of her Duchy money for herself. To it she can add income in prize money and sales from her racehorses (although she is not nearly such a successful owner as she used to be), and the interest and dividends from a personal investment portfolio built up over several generations by her family, and thought to have a book value of over £50 million.

Her husband brought no such fortune. Prince Philip's father and mother were forced to flee their native Greece when the future Prince Consort was barely a year old; his father Prince Andrew subsequently died almost penniless in Monte Carlo, and his mother withdrew into an order of nuns. Apart from his Civil List allowance of £217,000, which pays for his office and personal staff, his assets are whatever his wife chooses to bestow on him.

Not so his eldest son, who as male heir apparent is entitled to the revenues of the other great estate which George III clung on to, the Duchy of Cornwall. Prince Charles receives no allowance from the Civil List, because he does not need one; changes in management structure and investment policy in the Duchy of Cornwall since an Act of Parliament in 1982 freed its management from ancient strictures have substantially increased its profits, to the extent that last year Charles's tax-free income from it was £1.3 million, or three-quarters of its profits (the Duchy prefers to call them "surplus revenues"). The remaining quarter is paid by Charles to the Treasury in lieu of income tax.

Until the 1982 Act changed the Duchy's constitution, almost its only income was from rents on its 117 farms, and on a block of largely rundown urban property at Kennington in

south London. But the latest accounts show a substantial shift of Charles's investments into the City. In 1986 the traditional Duchy properties yielded a profit of £1.2 million, while share investments produced interest and dividends of just under £1 million, from a portfolio which before the October stock market crash had a book value of £14.9 million.

Charles does not have to buy his own houses. His London home in Kensington Palace is provided rent-free, as are the adjoining apartments which house Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and Prince and Princess Michael of Kent. His country home at Highgrove in Gloucestershire was bought by the Duchy of Cornwall for an estimated £800,000, and still technically belongs to them; they had to sell three large houses in the West Country to pay for it.

The Queen Mother, too, enjoys free accommodation at Clarence House, is a rather more successful racehorse owner than her daughter, and must be assumed to have been left a considerable personal sum by the late King George VI. Her Civil List allowance of £390,300 is largely taken up by the salaries and pensions of her 12-strong personal household. Her Scottish home at Castle of Mey in Caithness is her own, bought from her own private resources and maintained out of her own pocket, with some help from the modest income of its adjoining farm.

There was no automatic grace-and-favour home for the Princess Royal, so the Queen stepped in and bought Gatcombe Park as a gift from £700,000 of her personal resources. Now the Princess and Mark Phillips run Gatcombe as a commercial farm, and Mark in addition earns very substantial fees travelling the world to teach the finer points of equestrianism. Again, the Princess Royal's £135,600 Civil List allowance is largely swallowed up by her office and secretaries.

The Duke of York did not marry into money, and his only apparent income is his £27,000 a year Navy pay, but when he came of age his mother undoubtedly settled a generous inheritance on him. His £86,500 Civil List allowance pays for a share of the Buckingham Palace office staff who look after his modest schedule of public engagements. Prince Edward is poorest of all, with a £20,000 allowance, now supplemented by a £200-a-week office job with Andrew Lloyd Webber's theatrical production company. Edward does not need to work for the money; he is doing it for the experience.

But other members of the royal family do have to earn a living by one means or another. The Duke of Gloucester has inherited his family's 2,500-acre estate at Barnwell in Northamptonshire, and having given up his job


as an architect relies on its farm profits as his sole source of income. He does, however, have free weekday accommodation for himself, his wife and three children in Kensington Palace, and he has a £106,300 Civil List allowance for an office to run his public life.

His cousin the Duke of Kent has no such inherited estates; his family some years ago sold their spacious home at Coppins, Iver, Buckinghamshire, and divided the proceeds between the three children: Edward Duke of Kent, Prince Michael of Kent, and Princess Alexandra.

The Duke of Kent is one of those who have to work for a living, drawing a salary as vice-chairman of the British Overseas Trade Board. He owns his own home at Anmer Hall, near Sandringham, and has a grace-and-favour London apartment at York House, St James's, together with a Civil List allowance of £143,500 to pay for his private secretary and office. His sister Princess Alexandra has no free accommodation; she and her husband Angus Ogilvy own their own home at Thatched House Lodge in Richmond Park. Ogilvy is a director of three major City companies: MEPC (a property developer), the Rank Organisation, and Sotheby's auction house. His wife runs a small personal staff and an office on her £136,800 Civil List allowance.

But there is no Civil List allowance at all for Prince and Princess Michael of Kent, mainly on the grounds that they undertake few official public functions. (Both are often seen at public occasions, but if, for example, Princess Michael opens a motorway café as she once did, she can hardly be said to be standing in for the Queen.) Prince Michael draws a salary as a director of three City companies, while the Princess runs her own interior decorating consultancy, Szapar Designs, and indulges in other commercial activities such as writing her book *Born In A Far Country*.

Most of the younger generation of royals also face a life in which work is an unfortunate necessity. Viscount Linley runs a successful business producing hand-made furniture, and the Earl of St Andrews, eldest son of the Duke of Kent, has just begun a full-time career in the Diplomatic Service.

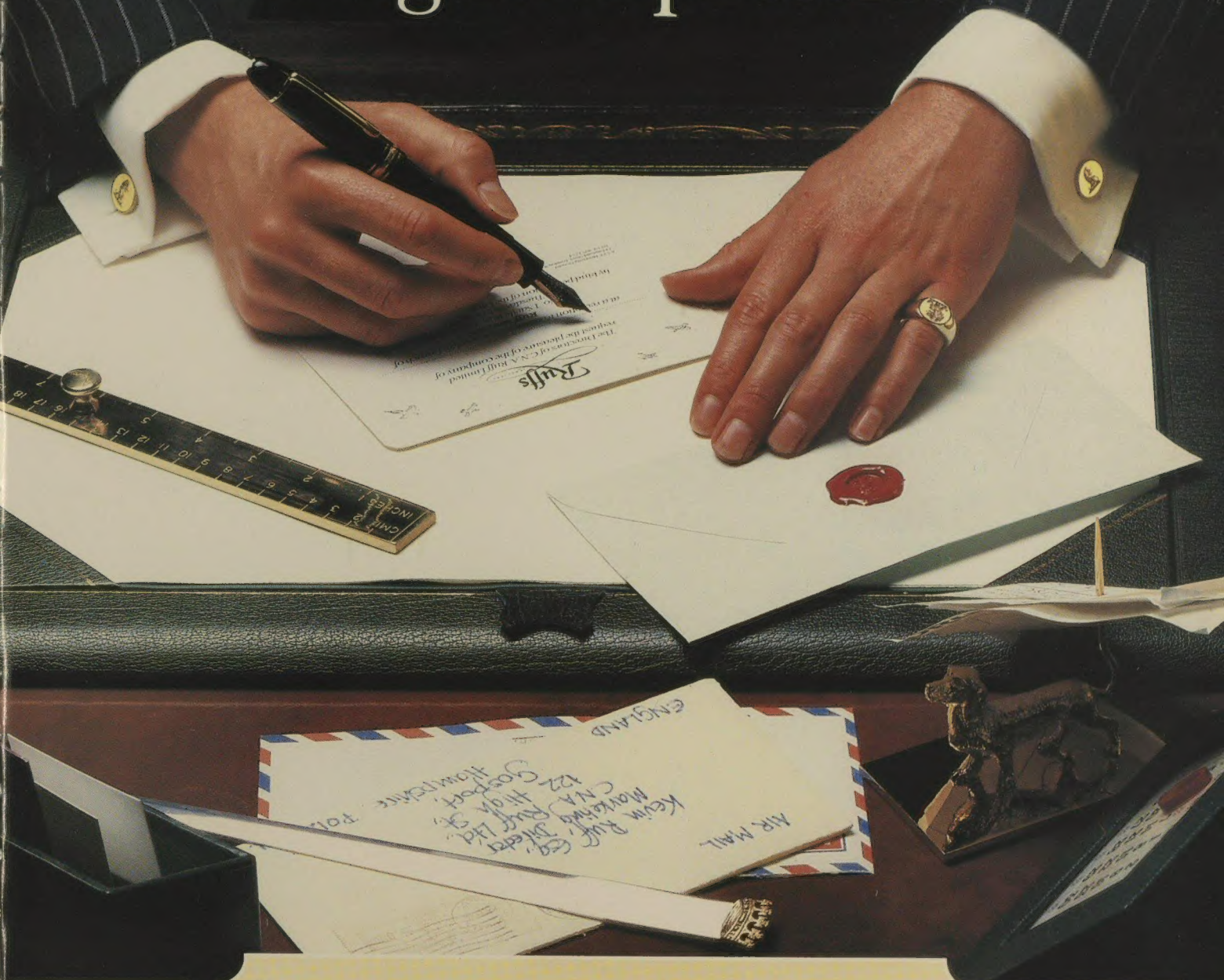
No member of the family can approach anywhere near the personal wealth of the Queen, who sits on the bulk of the inherited private fortune of the Windsor dynasty and who, like so many of the very rich, is careful to the point of frugality. But she has one asset in particular which engenders more envy in her subjects than any of her jewels; she is the only citizen of the United Kingdom who is absolutely, permanently and irrevocably immune from the grasping clutches of the Inland Revenue 

Galas, Councils & Garden Parties

Official engagements in the UK and Overseas of the Queen and her immediate family in the period
May 1st 1987–April 30 1988. Compiled by TIM O'DONOVAN

Engagements	The Queen	Duke of Edinburgh	Queen Mother	Prince of Wales	Princess of Wales	Duke of York	Duchess of York	Prince Edward	Princess Royal	Princess Margaret
Opening ceremonies, prize givings, church services, military parades	119	96	51	176	119	51	77	21	238	70
Charity shows, galas, concerts & sporting events	9	6	6	22	38	8	21	24	31	18
Receptions & garden parties	27	47	13	26	14	7	13	9	19	11
Lunches	27	30	8	9	7	8	7	3	27	9
Banquets & dinners	12	35	4	15	7	7	12	14	36	4
Meetings including Privy Council	11	24	1	26	—	—	—	2	35	2
Audiences given including to the Prime Minister	90	2	16	48	5	—	—	1	5	4
Audiences to ambassadors & High Commissioners	86	—	1	3	—	6	—	—	4	—
Investitures	45	—	1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Total official engagements in UK	426	240	101	325	190	87	130	74	395	118
Days spent travelling abroad on tours	30	82	8	31	26	54	64	17	70	17
Total official engagements overseas	131	261	Not available	124	87	123	140	71	298	29
Total official engagements UK and overseas	557	501	101 UK only	449	277	210	270	145	693	147

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